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La Reine Marguerite de Valois (1590).
d'après une peinture attribuée à Frédérico Zuccheri.

BACONIANA

VOL. XX, *Third Series*. FEB., 1931. No. 78

It should be understood that "Baconiana" is a medium for the discussion of subjects connected with the Objects of the Bacon Society, but that the Society does not necessarily accept responsibility for opinions expressed by its contributors.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

WITH this issue of BACONIANA is given a portrait of Marguerite de Valois, beloved of Francis Bacon. It is taken late in life, but shows a gracious, lovely lady, worthy of his love. She suffered from her terrible up-bringing at the hands of her corrupt mother, Catherine de Medici. She refused to let Marguerite marry her first love, the Duc de Guise, as she wished to keep her as a pawn in the political game, and married her by force to King Henry of Navarre. Their marriage coincided with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Catherine de Medici tried to corrupt her son-in-law with the wiles of her infamous *Dames Galantes*.

Marguerite and Henry IV. had a fairly stormy life together; though parting good friends, they were divorced in December, 1599.

Marguerite continued her friendship with Marie de Medici and her young son, after Henry's assassination, and was godmother to one of the children.

She was learned, witty and far in advance of her contemporaries in intelligence, and lived surrounded with literary people who loved to converse with her. So

that it is no wonder that Francis loved her, and no doubt she helped him to write poems and plays, as he says in the cipher story.

It is curious that the divorce was so long delayed, as the cipher story speaks of it as being thought of as early as 1579 or '80.

There is no evidence of their having met again, but no doubt they did. The garden of the St. Sulpice, Paris, is the garden planted by Marguerite, though her palace was destroyed, as well as her tomb, in the Revolution.

M.F.B.

THE GORHAMBURY PAPERS.

WE owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Earl of Verulam for his public spirit in handing over the Gorhambury papers to the Hertfordshire County Council for examination and research by scholars and archæologists. A special grant of money has been voted to enable experts to carry out a complete inspection. Major Le Hardy, who was responsible for the discovery of the Hertfordshire Armada Muster Rolls, has a catalogue in preparation to this end. A great number of interesting documents has already been disclosed. Many of these refer or relate to Francis Bacon. They reveal many facts and occurrences hitherto unknown either to men of letters or to his numerous biographers. There is a deed conveying Gorhambury to him, and other documents revealing his domestic life and troubles, his marriage agreement, and a copy of his last Will. "The details given here," says the *Morning Post*, "will be invaluable to scholars and historians in passing judgment on Bacon's honesty and business capacity."

There is an account, also, of the mustering of Oliver Cromwell's army at St. Albans. The Mayor "putt on his sword, saying, 'I have not worne a sworde these 20 years; but now I doo itt to encourage ye people to ffight against ye Kinge.' "

There is an account of the loves of Henry IV. of Navarre, "a prince comparable to most of ye Auncients in ye imminency of all politicall virtues and in the splendor of success, but was through ye whole course of his life in the distimpers of Love, not only very frayle but very importunate."

H.S.

SOME COMMENTS ON CYPHERS REAL AND OTHERWISE.

By L.B.

THE article entitled "Cyphers Real and Otherwise," by G. L. Calvert, published in the August number of BACONIANA, is of value at the present time, if only to urge caution to cypher researchers, and especially to amateurs who are not trained cryptographers.

One particular point raised, namely, that of the K cypher, seems to demand enquiry. I believe Mr. Woodward was the first promulgator of the K cypher, which he bases on a passage in the 1623 Edition of the *De Augmentis Scientiarum* (the Latin Edition), but a reference to that work shows that the words employed are "ciphrae clavis," that is to say, *key* cyphers.

Now, a reference to Mrs. Gallup's book, *Francis Bacon's Biliteral Cypher*, will immediately throw light on this phrase "Key Cypher," for constant instructions are given there to look out for the keys (keies) serving to link together and point out the places where the cypher story is broken and has to be joined up to the next section.

The above is not written with the object of disputing or disproving Mr. Woodward's K cypher system, but merely to point out that the Kaye cypher mentioned in F.B.'s two Books of the *Advt: of Learning* does not, as shown by the *Latin* Edition of 1623, refer to the letter K but to the word Key, so shown by the Latin word used, namely, *clavis*.

With regard to the remarks on Barclay's *Argenis*, a reference to the key attached to the later editions of the book, will show that the identification of "Argenis" with Marguerite de Valois is nowhere suggested; on the contrary it is hinted that Argenis is a personification of France as apart from the other States, inasmuch as she is a bone of contention between Poliarchus (Henry of Navarre), Radirobanes (Philip of Spain) and sundry other individuals. Archombrotus, again, is not easily identified as any particular individual, as, at the end of the book he is discovered to be the son of Meleander, the King of Sicily

(Henry III. of Valois), and it does not seem likely that anyone would identify him (Archombrotus) with Francis Bacon, who did not know that he was the son of Elizabeth and had been madly in love with Marguerite de Valois, which fact is only revealed in Owen's, and subsequently Mrs. Gallup's, cypher discoveries.

But for that, it may be safely said that both the secret of Bacon's royal birth and love story would still have been buried in oblivion.

[The foregoing by Mr. L. B., while offering some criticism of Mr. Calvert's article in the last issue, is a temperate expression of opinion, and much of it is cogent. But his reference to Mr. Calvert's observations on Barclay's *Argenis* is calculated to be a little misleading. On re-reading Mr. Calvert's article I find that his chief point was that sufficient information was disclosed in *Argenis*, by the aid of its key, subsequently published, to shew beyond doubt that Francis Bacon was a son of Queen Elizabeth (if the said disclosures were to be taken for granted), and that, in his youth, whilst in France, he became violently enamoured of Marguerite de Valois; and that, therefore, this information was already available long before Dr. Owen's or Mrs. Gallup's cypher revelations. But for these latter disclosures, Mr. L. B. says that it may be safely said that both the secret of Bacon's royal birth and love story would still have been buried in oblivion.

How far, then, does the "Key" *to Argenis* discover the *personnel* of Francis Bacon, as son of Queen Elizabeth, and that of Marguerite of Valois? Mr. L. B., says that "the identification of "Argenis" with Marguerite of Valois is nowhere suggested" in that key, but in this he is clearly wrong. Only in the sense that Valois was at the time the dynastic or ruling family of France can such an assumption hold good, whilst, which is more to the point, *Argenis* is frankly described as the daughter of Henry III. of France, who eventually married Henry IV. of Navarre, and who, therefore, cannot pass as any other than Margaret de Valois.

With reference to the identity of Francis Bacon in the character of "Archombrotus," Mr. L. B. says, further, that this character "is not easily identified as any particular individual, as, at the end of the book he is discovered to be the son of "Meleander" (Henry III.) and it does not seem likely that anyone would identify him (Archombrotus) with Francis Bacon." Here, again, Mr. L. B. is obviously in error, for "Archombrotus," in the story, was a name feigned by "Hiempsall" for the sole purpose of concealing the identity and relationship to Queen Hyanisbe, whom the "Key" explains was intended by the author to mean Queen Elizabeth. The incident at the end of the story, that Queen Elizabeth, being violently opposed to a marriage of her son with a Catholic princess of France, can discover no better way to prevent it but by an invention that her alleged son is a half-brother to "Argenis," by her own sister Anna (an utterly impossible tale) is, according to the author's own instruction, to be regarded as one of the many incidents which is only "feigned" and therefore to be rejected.—H.S.]

JOHN BARCLAY'S ARGENIS.

(A REPRINT OF THE "CLAVIS," OR KEY PUBLISHED BY "SIR ROBERT LE GRYS," WITH HIS ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE EDITION OF 1629.)

THAT many, who will be pleased to read this *Barclay* his *Argenis*, will also desire to know who they were, that under the fained names of *Meleander*, *Poliarchus*, *Argenis*, *Licogenes*, and the rest mentioned therein, the Author intended to personate, I cannot doubt at all: remembring that my selfe, when I first was acquainted with it, did eagerly long to be in some convenient measure satisfied concerning the same. To give what contentment I am able, to the commendable curiosity of such, as out of a Work of such a raised conceit and stile, are desirous to draw what profitable knowledge they possibly may, not slightly passing it over as an idle Romance, in which there were no other fruit conteined, but fantasticall tales, fit onely to put away the tediousness of a Winter evening; I have, as farre as my conjecture would reach, helped by my acquaintance with the passages of this latter Age, both in our owne and our neighbour Countries, annexed to this my Translation this Key. Wherewith, the Reader may unlocke the intentions of the Author in so many of the parts of it, as I could conceive he had any aime in at all. I say, where he had any aime; for that himselfe in the second Booke, under the name of *Nicopompus* (by which, thorow the whole worke he doth personate himselfe) declares, that he will in divers things raise imaginary names, onely to beare the persons of vertues and vices, so as he shall as well mistake, that conceives all things contained in it, to be nothing but meere fictions; as hee that will not allow any part thereof, to be a description of things indeed and really acted.

That therefore he doth by the name of Sicily (for it is not unfit to begin with the Countries first, and then come to the persons) intend the Kingdome of France, is apparant both by his Epistle Dedicatory to the King, and also as well by that which the Author, *Nicopompus*, speakes of his designe in the second Booke: as by that in the third Booke, hee points at the Land on the opposite shore, often their adversary, meaning England, in which, all Fortresses, but one (the Towne of London) were demolished.

The Country to be feared, when subject to one Prince, by the Author called Mergania, by inversion of the Letters, will easily appeare to be Germania. Aquilius the Emperour, (as who beares the Eagle for his Armes.) *Hippophilus*, the King of Spaine, *Usimulca*, by the same transplanting the letters, doth render *Calvinus**; Hyperephanij are his followers, which by that name

*In the 1636 edition, translated by Kingsmill Long, the feigned name here referred to is given as *Usinulca*, and rendered anagrammatically as *Calvinus*, which clears the ambiguity. Whether this in the present Clavis is a printer's blunder or a designed ambiguity to arrest attention is impossible to decide.

importing as much as super-appearing, he intends to brand with a note of ignominy, as we, when we terme them Puritanes. *Dereficus*, in the same sort, removing the letters, make *Federicus* the King of Bohemia, which also is evident, in that he saies, instead of the meate which (as Arch-Sewer of the Empires) he should have brought to the Table of *Aquilius*, he almost had taken away both the Table and the provision.

Peranhylaeus to be *Gabor*, Prince of Transilvania, appeares out of the signification of the word; composed of *Pera*, or *Peran*, *trans* beyond: and *hyla*, *silva*, a wood: who aimed at the other Kingdome of *Aquilius*, viz., Hungary.

The Lydian couple, Husband and Wife, which he therefore calls Lydian (as in the rest of the Booke he every where speaking of any Italians, he termes them Lydians) as deriving their originall from a Colony, brought into that country by Therenus, the King of Lydias sonne, are the Marshall *D'Ancre* and his wife; the one kild, the other executed at Paris. The other paire out of Phrygia (by which name he every where means England, as discended from the Trojans,) with their misfortunes, neede no proper name in this Edition.

Ibburranes, is by the usuall removing of the letters, *Barberinus*, then the Popes Legate at Avinion, and now Pope *Urban* the eighth, which also his device of Bees in his Armes doth testifie.

By the great Ones, who after a wasted course of infinite power, betooke themselves to the Church for safety: it is apparant, that hee meanes the Duke of Lerma (*Francisco Gomes de Sandonall*) who from a lower forme, by the Kings favor raised, not to be one of the Grandés, but the Grandé of Spaine, finding his Grace in the wane, and taught by *Rodrigo Calderon* his disgrace, what he might with reason feare, obtained of the Pope a Cardinals Hat: So exempting himselfe from the civill jurisdiction, by being incorporated into the Spirituall society, as among them it is in the Romish Church reputed.

Cleobulus, to be in his intention *Mounsieur de ville-roy*, is very evident out of the discourse between *Meleander* and *Timonides*, designed for the place of the King's Ambassadour into Mauritania in the fifth Book. Whose integrity, though *Timonides* doth not question, yet his power, as Secretary of State, he seemes with horror to redoubt and feare.

Of other persons, which are principall peeces in this worke, I cannot speake with so much assuredness; for that the most part of what I shall say, must be dictated by conjecture: That by *Meleander*, King of Sicily, he meant to characterize *Henry* the third of France, is without question. But how doth that, which in the first Booke he speakes of *Meleander* (that in the beginning of his reigne all was peace) quadre with his fortune? When all men know, that at his returne out of Pole, he found the warre on

foote, and was himselfe forced immediately to arme against his owne subjects. All that I can bring to cleare that point, is, to put thee in minde of what himselfe sayes in his second Booke, which I remembered before, neither all, nor nothing.

Of *Britomandes* there is lesse to be said; except you will piece *Meleander* and him together, and of them both, by a strong imagination, frame a King unfit for government, stooping under the weight of his affaires; and more suted to a patient induring of injuries, then either to doing wrongs, or to returning them in a brave fashion.

In *Argenis*, the sole child of *Meleander*, as till almost the last Page of the Book she is reputed; many do perswade themselves, the Crowne of France, and the right of succession to it to be intended. Nor do I find any solid reason, that leads me to dissent from their opinion in that point. That I do not so freely subscribe to their conceite, who would have *Poliarchus* to be the last King *Henry* the fourth, and *Archombrotus* equally desiring the marriage of *Argenis*, and for her, as his Rivall hating *Poliarchus*, to be one and the same person, I must crave to be excused. Of the first part, making by *Poliarchus* the late *Henry* to be personated, I do not disallow. But for the second, that would have *Archombrotus* to be the same person, and yet for the love of *Argenis* to hate himselfe as his owne Rivall, if I should agree to it, so many absurdities, or rather impossibilities would present themselves to my understanding, as I should never be able to disentangle my selfe. I therefore should rather beleeve, that *Archombrotus*, if hee be intended to personate any body, and not meerely a supposed One, introduced onely to embellish the fiction, might in some point be referd to the Duke of Alençon, who once was the *interstisium* betweene *Henry* the fourth, and the place of first Prince of the Bloud, and for that emulation did hold both with him, and the Duke of Guyse a long and eager hatred. The education also of *Poliarchus* in his minority, under the name of *Astioristes*, in a country-fashion, doth well correspond with that which *Henry* the fourth received in Bearne, by the direction of his Grand-father, *Henry D'Albret*, who would not suffer him to bee so tenderly brought up as his Sonne in law, and his Daughter intended.

By *Radirobanes*, (although many things in *Barclay* cannot be found in his person yet) certaine it is, that his purpose aimed at *Philip* the second King of Spaine; which his proferd aide to *Francis* the second, as well as divers other parts of his, do well denote.

Selinissa that betrayed *Argenis* to *Radirobanes* can be no other than the Queene Mother, *Katharine de Medicis*, seeking, by communicating counsels with the King of Spaine, to establish her power and authority in France.

Meleander his breach with *Radirobanes*, doth present the hate betweene *Henry* the third and the King of Spaine, for his seeking

to teare France in pieces by meanes of the Holy League, whereof hee was the spirit and nerves.

Radirobanes his overthrow in Africa, when he invaded *Hyanisbe*: what else can it point at, then the Spanish Fleete in Eighty eight. After which (though as *Radirobanes*, he did not there dye upon *Poliarchus* his sword) he did no great things either against the French or English, but onely drild away his time, till he found an opportunity of making the Peace in which he dyed, with *Henry* the fourth.

By *Hyanisbe* of Mauritania, so friendly to *Poliarchus*, and of him againe so much respected, there is no man can doubt whether he meant *Elizabeth* of England, or no: which both her helping him in distresse, and her quarrels with *Radirobanes*, doth more then clearely demonstrate.

Thus much of the Princes. Of the persons of the second ranke I must in like sort speake in part positively, in part by conjecture: since the character of some is easily to be fitted to the person, but not so in them all. And first of *Licogenes*, though many pieces in him do well sort with the Duke of Guyse; yet some there be, that by him will have the whole House of Lorrayne to bee denoted. Which notwithstanding, I rather should beleeve, that the Author in *Licogenes* meant to point at Guyse only. For to him as well as to the rest of his Family, doth the character he gives in the first Booke justly belong: that he was descended from the ancient Kings, and was able both to advise and execute; with the rest, both there, and of his practices in the second Booke.

By *Eristhenes*, *Menocritus*, *Oloodemus*, *Anaximander*, *Acegorus*, and the rest: that he meant the Duke of Lorrayne, Maine, Delbeuf, Vandemount, Chaligni, Joinville, and the Marquesse Du Port, I will easily beleeve.

Some would needs perswade, that by *Commindorix*, the Duke of Savoy (as one of the Tropheis of *Henry* the fourth) should bee meant: which, though there be sane things that may make it probable, there be others that agree not with it.

The rest of the names of *Gelanorus*, *Arsidas*, *Eurymedes*, *Gobrias*, *Antenor*, and the others which stood for *Poliarchus*: I see no cause why I should not beleeve, that they are to bee bestowed upon the Duke of Bouillon, Byron, Espernon, De Dignieres, the Family of Aubigui, and others, of whose faithfulnesse *Henry* the fourth had so many proofes.

This is as much as I have thought convenient to speake, for the satisfaction of the Reader, that either is, or would be such, as I have addressed the Worke unto, whom I desire, that he will accept the paines I have taken herein, as a sacrifice expiatory for the errors, which the distraction of my affaires hath given the Printer leave to commit.

FINIS.

A DISCOVERY OF A NUMERICAL CYPHER KEY IN JOHN BARCLAY'S *ARGENIS*.

By Henry Seymour.

THE remarkable historical fantasy, the "Argenis," ascribed to John Barclay, was published originally in Latin at Paris in 1621, following on the death of its ascribed author, and a second edition came out in the following year. Barclay, offended at the request of James I. to translate the *Arcadia* into Latin, is said to have composed *Argenis* to shew he could write a better original. The first English translation to appear was by Kingsmill Long in 1625. Another translation by "Ben Jonson" was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1623, which, apparently, was never published for some mysterious reason. But another translation by Sir Robert Le Grys* and Thomas May appeared in 1629, at the urgent request of Charles I., to which edition was appended a Clavis (or key) to explain the characters in *Argenis* who were confessedly concealed by "fained names." A further English edition appeared in 1636, with illustrations and a more elaborate key to professedly unlock the mystery of the whole story. This was a translation by Kingsmill Long, and the key, or Clavis, was signed by "Guilielmus Haywood." The double A headpiece appears, in this edition, over the Dedication "to the truly noble William Dunche, of Avebury, Esqre., by Kingsmill Long, and also over Books 1, 3, and 5.

Clara Reeve also published another translation in 1762, under the title of *The Phœnix*. It is recorded, further, that this lady published another edition in 1772. In Cowper's *Letters* we read that "the *Argenis* is interesting

*Groom of the Chamber to James I. (1605-6). He was knighted by Charles I. (1628-9), and was appointed Captain of St. Maur's Castle in Cornwall for life, dying in 1635.

in a high degree, richer in incident than can be imagined, full of surprises which the Reader never forestalls . . . free from all entanglements and confusions. The style also appears to me such as would not dishonour Tacitus himself."

The object of the author of *Argenis* was to wrap up some important historical truths in a tangle of imaginative fiction. He tells the reader that "he shall erre as well, that will have it all to be a true relation of things really done, as he that takes it to be wholly fained." Political events of the time, love intrigues, battles and other things are described in vivid colours, but are so mixed up with obvious romance as to be unintelligible. To the ordinary reader, the book could only appear as a piece of the most brilliant fooling. This was possibly one of the pressing reasons that induced Sir Robert Le Grys to issue an English edition in 1629, supplemented by a "Clavis," or Key, to render the work less obscure. "To give what contentment I am able," he says, "to the commendable curiosity of such, as out of a work of such a raised conceit and stile, are desirous to draw what profitable knowledge they possibly may, not slightly passing it over as an idle Romance, in which there were no other fruit conteined but fantasticall tales, fit only to put away the tediousnes of a Winter evening; I have, as farre as my conjecture would reach . . . . annexed to this my Translation this Key." But even this so-called Key is obscure in many respects, although it lets in a flood of light on contemporary events as well as on the actual personalities described in the book beneath the mask of imaginary names.*

Apart from the somewhat vague and ambiguous character of the Clavis, in its professed interpretation of the characters delineated in the story (as though the interpreter were creeping on thin ice), the significant fact emerges that while the principal figures in European States are sufficiently disclosed to make identification certain, the

*Those who are unable to procure a copy of *Argenis* will find a brief digest in *Bacon's Secret Disclosed in Contemporary Books*, by Granville C. Cuningham.

characters which concern Baconians mostly are discreetly passed over in silence! We should like to discover the identity of the real author who masquerades as *Nicopompus*. We should also like to know why the ascribed author (John Barclay) deemed it necessary to don an assumed name, in common with the other characters in his book. This surely verges on the ridiculous, unless it be a covert way to suggest that John Barclay was not the real author. Two bosom friends of the author *Nicopompus* are *Antenorius* and *Hieroleander*. Who were they?

When the original Latin edition was issued it was said that the author, John Barclay, had suddenly died before the completion of the story, and that, just before his death, he had urged his friend *Peireskius* to finish it and have it published. In a Life of one *Peireskius* (of doubtful origin) written in Latin by Petrus Gassendus, very little is said of *Argenis*, except that *Peireskius* had cut out a dialogue therein which he had conceived to be of somewhat too free a strain! And who was "Peireskius"?

There is much in *Argenis* that, except perhaps for recreation, will fail to interest the modern reader, but which doubtless was full of interest and significance at the time it was written. But what cannot fail to interest Baconians is the revelation, by means of the Clavis, not only of the actual countries and persons allegorically set forth in the book, but of the historically important fact that *Hyanisbe* stands for Queen Elizabeth of England, that "about three and twenty years since she succeeded her brother *Juba* in the kingdom," that she was lawfully married, before she came to the throne, "to *Siphax*, a man of the most eminent qualitie, next the King's"; that of this marriage a son was born whom she named *Hiempsall*; and who "by the favor of the Gods had with his excellency of spirit outgone the wishes of his people, but that now to win himselfe honour amongst strangers, he was gone to travel in habit of a private person; into what Country, except only to the Queen, was unknown." We are further informed that *Hiempsall* assumed an *alias* to conceal his identity and relation

to the Queen, whilst travelling abroad into Sicily (which the Clavis interprets as *France*), and that the feigned name was *Archombrotus*. Whilst in France, we are told that he fell madly in love with *Argenis*, the daughter of Henry III. *Argenis*, therefore, is, plainly enough, Marguerite de Valois. Now, who was *Hiempsall* and his other mask, *Archombrotus*?

Those who have read the Clavis will realise that certain of the characters are revealed in anagrams, others by references to their arms and to other symbolical suggestions. There does not appear to be any one stereotyped method by which the various names and places might be elucidated. Is it possible, however, that the author, in contriving the names of his several characters, did have recourse to a common method of identification, even though the book was published without any key at all eight years before Sir Robert Le Grys undertook to add the Key to his translation in 1629? I suggest that he did, and the Key itself supplies the evidence in favour of the suggestion. But the evidence is by no means conspicuous —not a reference is made to it—and only by induction is it to be discovered.

The means, therefore, which the author employed for the identification of his characters (Clavis or no Clavis) was, I suggest, the simple method of *numerical* cypher. If we discover that the fanciful names of the characters in the book have precisely the same total numerical equivalents of the real persons as identified in the Clavis, then we are pretty certain that, inferentially, the remaining characters which concern us chiefly, although not identified nor so much as referred to in the Clavis, may be similarly identified.

Let us begin with the author himself.

JOHN BARCLAY makes an anagram=*Hilary Bacon*. By an usual (legal) abbreviation it also renders *Hail y'r Bacon*. By yet another such abbreviation, *H'y* (holy) *Liar* (*Bacon*.

Now, if we premise that Francis Bacon was the concealed author of *Argenis*, we are bound to associate him with *Nicopompus* (the "fained" author), and further, with

Hiempsall, and his "fained" name, *Archombrotus*, the Queen's son. Such composite characterisation is common in "Shakespeare."

Let us presume again that the translator, "Sir Robert Le Grys," was but a mask for the author, Bacon,—the form of signature to the Dedicatory Epistle being printed "Ro: Le Grys,"* and the sum of the numerical equivalents of these letters being 112,—*which is also that of "M. Francis Bacon."*

So much for the author and his translator.

Let us follow this scent and examine by this method the numerical equivalents of some of the other fanciful names, whose actual identities have *not* been disclosed by the Clavis. *For we here have an unique opportunity of putting the Cypher method of numerical equivalents to a first-rate test, inasmuch as the correct descriptions of the real persons intended are set forth in the said Clavis*; and if we find complete agreement in their arithmetical totals, we may be sure that those enigmatical characters in the story which are *not* disclosed nor even referred to in the Clavis at all (perhaps for excellent reasons—being nearer home), accurately represent the real persons suggested in my experiment.

Let us take the case of the heroine first. She is described inferentially, as Marguerite of Valois. Now, the sum of the letters in "Argenis" is 70. She therefore personifies *Margot*. (*Margot* was a descriptive name of Marguerite by her contemporaries.).

Next, *Hyanisbe*. The total is 79. So is that of *Elisabetha*, who is explained as England's Queen. If it be waggishly suggested that I thus spell the Queen's name to fit the Cypher, let me reply that I did not, but that Bacon himself may have done, particularly as "Camden," in his "Remaines," in a chapter on Cyphers, not only constructs an anagram on the Queen, but makes it conform to this precise spelling, *Elisabetha*.

Siphax,—"a man of the most eminent qualitie, next the Kings," who was married to the Queen "before she

Sir Robert Le Grys = 209 = Francis Bacon—Ben Johnson.

came to the Crowne." The numerical total of *Siphax* is 73. It accords with *Ea*: *Dudley*, or *L'c'ster*. The former interpretation is certainly an anachronism, but it conveys the "Favorite" in his dual name and title. But probably a too obvious or close agreement might have aroused suspicion to his own countrymen, and betrayed the author's scheme to those whom he desired to be left in the dark.

King Juba equals 71. So does *Eduardo* 6.

Selinissa,—She is said to have personified the mother of Argenis—Catherine de Medici. *Selinissa* counts 98. So does *Dame Catharine*.

Gelanorus,—who represented Bouillon. Both *Gelanorus* and *M. Bouillon* total 106.

Poliarchus,—who is the personification of *Argenis'* royal husband. The name gives a total of 116, and so does *Hen. Q. Navarre*.*

Hippophilus,—the King of Spain. This name carries a total of 142. And that, also, is the precise total of *Philip o' Spaine*, even though the name itself may be construed out of the imaginary patronymic.

Radirobanes (a composite of Philip o' Spain)=101. And for particular identification, *Secundus*=101.

Ibburranes (an anagram of *Barberinus*). Being an anagram, the numerical equivalents of the letters are bound to be equal.

Usinulca;=*Calvinus*. Both equal 95.

Peranhylaeus;=*Transilvaniae*. Both equal 137.

Meleander;=*Valois*. Both equal 73.

Nicopompus;=*Baron Verulam*. Both equal 100 and 33!

Arsidas:=*Ma. Biron* (Marshal Biron). Both equal 68.

Licogenes;=*M. Guise*. Both equal 85.

There are many other examples, omitted by the fear of boredom. We can, however, from those already indicated, pursue the analogy and carry the same method to the elucidation of those other characters which interest Baconians in particular. We are not informed of the actual identity of the Queen's Son, *Hiempsall*. Some

* It is also conformable to *Henq. Fourth*=116.

years ago, the late Mr. Haworth-Booth saw in this name an anagram of wit, to wit, *I Spell Ham*. Its numerical total is 90. And so is that of *All Francis*, or *Francis all*, instinctively suggested by Hiemps=67, and the three last letters to stop at that.

His great friend *Antenorius*, which patronymic cleverly suggests his brother Anthony, by the rule of anagrams,* in the name *Anthonye Bacon*, and which, like *Antenorius* totals to 129.

Let us now try *Peireskius*, whose numerical total=126. This total equals that of *Amyas Paulet*, who, as "editor" or fatherly advisor concerning the *Argenis* expunged some details, as stated, likely to be dangerous. It was he who filled the intimate rôle assumed with the author at the period indicated, and who enjoyed Bacon's confidence to the full.

Next, who was *Hieroleander*? Does not the name call up Marlowe? In other words, is there not here a veiled suggestion of an *English* friend and writer (he is described as a close friend of the author's and a *secretary* to Argenis), whom we may consider as *Ben Johnson*? The numerical totals agree, and the true spelling of the name contains the aspirate. The name *Jonson* was merely the mask name used by Bacon, when convenient. Moreover, in Camden we again read that the letter *h* is not a true letter, but a "breathing" only, and that in anagrams, it may be used or dropped.†

And finally, let us now enquire into the identity of the real mystery man, *Archombrotus*. This was the counterfeit Hiempsall, you will remember, a name admittedly a pseudonym to cloak his true identity abroad. The sum of the numerical equivalents of the name equals 145. That is our only possible clue for investigation, unless we presume that the same total, in some way or other, numerically reveals, either the name of Francis

*Camden says *i* and *y*, like *z* and *s* may be used interchangeably.

†By yet a second possibility *Hieroleander* may stand for *M. J. D'Montagne*, the numerical equivalent being the same. It should be remembered that John Florio, in his Introduction to Montaigne's Essays (English translation) refers specifically to *M. J. D'Montagne* (*sic*) as a *secretary* to the queen mother, Catherine.

Bacon, or some orthographic or abbreviated variant of the same, which we are led to assume was that of the real person indicated. But inasmuch as *Archombrotus* was cunningly feigned to prevent discovery more than three centuries ago, we may find the discovery difficult, to say the least.

The licence by the Queen for Francis and Edward Bacon to travel beyond the Seas, "for the purpose of increasing their knowledge and experience, for a period of 3 years" (as we know Francis did go and return in that period) affords us little assistance in our quest. The Letters Patent, which contain this licence is dated Westminster, 3 June, 1576.*

I next looked up the contemporary French passports in the MS. room of the British Museum. And surely enough my effort was rewarded. The first important one was the passport of Francis's foster brother, Anthony, signed by Biron (one of the characters in *Love's Labours Lost*) on behalf of the King of France. The date of this was 27th Sept. 1586.

The next was the passport of "Pierre Brun, an Englishman. . . . . about to set out for Montaubon upon the affairs of Monsieur Baccon, an English gentleman at present in the aforesaid town of Montaubon," etc.

But the numerical equavalents of *Pierre Brun* total only 120, whereas those of *Archombrotus* total 145.

The date of this particular passport is 8th August, 1586. It is signed by Antoine E. de Caors by command of D. Boyresse (another character is *Love's Labours Lost*). An earlier passport signed by Degosse for Lomagne and dated Moutaubon 26 July, 1586 reads:—

"The Seigneur de Terride commanding in these parts for the service of the King under the authority of the King of Navarre.

"To all Gentlemen, Governors of Towers and Places, captains, Lieutenants, soldiers and other men-at-arms making profession of the reformed religion and taking the part thereof. We pray all those who to this end must be prayed, and requested, and order and command all those

*Record Office.

over whom our authority extends, to allow *M. Peter Browne*, ordinary messenger of the Queen of England now coming from Cahors to the town hereafter mentioned to find Mr. Baccon, an English gentleman, to pass freely and securely for this voyage only, without delay, obstacle or impediment to the said Browne, and without doing or suffering to be done to him any displeasure or discourtesy whatsoever, but rather all help, favour, support and assistance should it be needed, and requested.''

So we have it at last—*Master Peter Browne*!=145. And even *this* was a ''masked name.''

A significant thing about the name, however, is that, as endorsed in French (P. Brun), the numerical equivalents equal 67, as do those of the single or royal name, *Francis*. *Francis*, all. And curiously, by the well-known Bacon secret count—the reverse order count—as z=1, y—2, etc., the numerical equivalents of the same *P. Brun* equal 58, which is precisely the same as in the straight sequence count of *Tidir* or *Tidder* (the contemporary manners of spelling TUDOR), the differing authography yielding the same numerical totals. And although spelt ''Brun'' in the text of the passport, it is most emphatically rendered *Peter Browne* in the endorsement.

My conclusion, therefore, is that the son of Queen Elizabeth referred to in the Barclay *Argenis* is none other than Francis Bacon, and let anyone who can, put that conclusion out of court.

THE MISSING HISTORICAL PLAYS OF "SHAKESPEARE."

By Howard Bridgewater, Barrister-at-Law.

STUDENTS of "Shakespeare" will notice that the sequence of historical plays is broken by the omission of plays dealing with the Edwards, Henry III and Henry VII.

Now it is fairly obvious, as so many of the Kings of England are made the subject of plays, that the author's idea was, as far as possible—commencing with John—to give us the history of all of them up to Henry VIII.

You may, then, think it interesting to speculate upon why this plan was not adhered to, and to see how much farther it was in fact followed than is generally supposed.

Following King John we should have Henry III. No one appears to have made a play of Henry III. Perhaps this was because, although he reigned for fifty-six years, his life was dramatically uneventful.*

Next in order comes Edward I, whose reign was dramatised by George Peele in 1593. I have not yet read this play, or Edward IV, published as by Thos. Heywood, and cannot, therefore, say anything about them except this, that if I find that they happen to be in blank verse, and of such quality as Edward II, which is attributed to Marlow, I shall have no hesitation in saying that they were written by him who wrote the historical plays known as "Shakespeare"; for Marlowe's Edward II is assuredly by the same author, unless you are to believe that contemporarily with him there was another writer of equal genius, who wrote in identical style. This I would be quite willing to think possible if in the three hundred years that have since elapsed a star of equal magnitude had appeared on the literary horizon. But there has not. The critics of Marlowe's Edward II themselves admit (vide F. G. Fleay, M.A.) that there is nothing finer in

*I have since found, however, that the play entitled "The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" (manifestly "Shakespearean") dealing with incidents of the reign of Henry III, and in which both the King and his son, Edward, are important characters, was published as by Robt. Greene in 1594—i.e., two years after his death.

Richard II than in the last act of this play, "nor are the characters better discriminated." But I shall give you some passages, not from the last, but from earlier acts from which that you may decide whether it is not true to say that, though the voice is Jacob's voice, the hands are the hands of Esau! Edward II does not appear to have been published as by Marlowe in his lifetime. The first known copy of this play, if we accept as genuine the quarto dated June 1594, found forty-four years ago in the Landesbibliothek of Cassel, Germany, is dated thirteen months after Marlowe's death, for Marlowe was killed in a tavern brawl in May 1593. It is significant that none of the plays of merit published as by Marlowe were printed until after his death.

The first thing that one is confronted with in the study of this masterly work of Edward II is the unanimity with which the critics remark upon its Shakespearean quality. They all agree in this, and particularly concerning its resemblance to Richard II and Henry VI. There is certainly no disguising it; indeed the similarities are such that it is perfectly evident that all three plays were written by the same hand. But whereas the critics argue that Marlowe must consequently have had a hand in the writing of Richard II and Henry VI, I deduce that Edward II was written by him who wrote "Shakespeare," for the reason that other works of Marlowe bespeak a mind incapable of writing such a play, because (*a*) they exhibit an infinitely inferior degree of literary ability, and (*b*) betray a besotted personality.

Here are some of the above-mentioned parallelisms:—

From Edward II.	*From Henry VI.*
Tell Isabel, the queen, I lookt not thus when for her sake I ran at tilt in France.	I tell thee, Poole, when thou did'st run at tilt, And stol'st away our ladies' hearts of France.
My Lord dissemble with her, speak her fair.	My gracious lord entreat him, speak him fair.
A cedar tree, on whose top-branches kingly eagles perch.	The cedar . . . . . Whose arms give shelter to the princely eagle.
As though your highness were a schoolboy still, And must be awed and governed like a child.	I see no reason why a king of years Should be to be protected like a child.

There are many more, and in every case they are so typically Shakespearean that unless classified it is impossible to say which are from Edward II and which from Henry VI.

In further proof of the Shakespearean character of Edward II I will quote some passages from this play, but before doing so I should explain that the salient fact of this King's life was his infatuation for Piers Gaveston. The passions of jealousy, hatred and contempt which this obsession for his favourite aroused, and which resulted in the banishment and final murder, both of Gaveston and the King, are described in the magnificent style of which only one man in his day could have been capable. The play opens in a street in Westminster. Enter Piers Gaveston reading a letter that was brought to him from the King:—

Gav. (reading): "My father is deceased! Come, Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend."

Ah! Words that make me surfeit with delight:
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston,
Than live and be the favourite of a king:
Sweet prince I come; these, these thy amorous lines
Might have enforced me to have swum from France,
And, like Leander, graspt upon the sand
So thou would'st smile and take me in thy arms.
The sight of London to my exiled eyes
Is an Elysium to a new-come soul:
Not that I love the city or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold so dear—
The king upon whose bosom let me die,
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the arctic people love starlight,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.

He is interrupted in his soliloquy by the appearance of three poor men, who approach him with offers of service. After some speech with them they depart and Gaveston communes again with himself thus:—

"These men are not for me;
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please.
Music and poetry is his delight
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,

Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan symphs my pages shall be clad;
My men like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive tree,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard by,
One like Actaeon peeping through the groove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transformed,
And running in the likeness of an hart
By yelping hounds pull'd down and seem to die:
Such things as these best please his majesty."

We are then introduced to an angry altercation between the King, Gaveston and the peers, followed by a conversation between the latter, from which I take the following:—

Ed. Mortimer: How now, why droops the Earl of Lancaster?
Y. Mortimer: Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?
Lancaster: That villain Gaveston is made an Earl.
E. Mortimer: An Earl!
Lancaster: Ay, and besides, Lord Chamberlain of the realm,
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.
E. Mortimer: We may not and we will not suffer this.
Y. Mortimer: Why post we not from hence to levy men?
Lancaster: "My Lord of Cornwall" now at every word!
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing of his bonnet one good look.
Thus arm in arm the king and he doth march:
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits;
And all the court begins to flatter him.
Warwick: Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods and smiles and scorns at those that pass.

Isabella, the Queen, discarded by the King when Gaveston is present, carried on an intrigue with the younger Mortimer.

Enter the Queen:—

Y. Mortimer: Madam, whi'er walks your majesty so fast?
Queen: Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now the lord my king regards me not,
But dotes upon the love of Gaveston.
He claps his cheek, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face and whispers in his ears;
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
"Go whi'er thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."

If you do not read "Shakespeare" in that and the foregoing passages mark the similarity between the following and certain passages in Richard II:—

The King is being forced to resign his crown in favour of his son:—

Edward: Ah, Leister, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause:
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
But that the heavens appoint I must obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too:
(Taking off the crown)
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess his clime,
Stand still you watches of the element;
All times and seasons-rest you at a stay,
That Edward still may be fair England's king. . .
Inhuman creatures! nursed with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?
My diadem I mean and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again.
(He puts on the crown.)

This will bring at once to your minds the similar scene in Richard II. You will probably, therefore, argue, as I do, that t'was written by the same hand. But the critics argue the other way round; they say, Ah! this being by Marlowe (for does not his name appear on the title page?) does it not show conclusively that Marlowe wrote Richard II—or at least had a hand in it? And if you accept the hypothesis that the highest philosophical thoughts, coupled with the ability to express them in the jewelled language that we know as "Shakespeare" really were generated in the sterquinarius atmosphere of Stratford, this view is not illogical.

The argument runs thus—like a sum in simple proportion. If the butcher's apprentice of Stratford wrote "Shakespeare" (as, his name being on it, we do not question but he did) why should not any other licentious tavern brawler of his time (more particularly Marlowe, whom we understand to have been a pensioner student at Cambridge) have been equally gifted with the divine afflatus? If one miracle be acceptable, why not two? But you may perhaps remind me that no such miracle has

happened since, though three hundred years have rolled away, and education, for the better part of the past century, has been made available to the multitude; though the population of the country has increased tenfold and justice and general enlightenment has displaced an age of barbarous ignorance in which religious intolerance and persecution resulted in the frequent burning at the stake of human beings; and that in such an age great poets would not be likely to grow and blossom in every wayside inn.

Be that as it may, I will now read you some portions of Marlowe's indisputable writings, his "Elegies," in order that you may form your own opinion whether the man who wrote them was also the author of Edward II. I cannot read much, for the reason that much cannot be read in the presence of ladies! If anyone wants proof of Marlowe's pornographic obsession, he must himself study his writings.

Elegia 13.

Seeing thou art faire, I barre not thy false playing,
But let not me poore soul know of thy straying.
Nor do I give thee counsell to live chaste,
But that thou would'st dissemble when 'tis paste.
She hath not trod awry that doth deny it:
Such as confesse have lost their good names by it.
What madnesse is't to tell night's pranckes by day?
And hidden secrets openly to bewray?
(This is as far as I can go with that one.)

Elegia 10.

Such as the cause was of two husbands' warre,
Whom Troiane ships fecht from Europa farre
Such as was Leda whom the gods deluded
In snow white plumes of a false swanne included;
Such was Animone through the drie fields strayed
When on her head a water pitcher laied:
Such wert thou and I fear the Bull and Eagle
And what ere love made Jove should thee inveigle.
Now all fear with my hot love abates,
No more this beauty mine eyes captivates.
Ask't why I chaunge? because thou crav'st reward;
This cause hath thee from pleasing me debard.

Epigrames.

Quintus his wit infused into his braine,
Mislikes the place and fled into his feete
And there it wanders up and down the streetes,
Dabled in the dirt and soaked in the raine.
Doubtless his wit intends not to aspire,
Which leaves his head to travell in the mire.

Epigrames 29.

Haywood that did in epigrames excell,
Is now put down since my light Muse arose:
As buckets are put down into a well,
Or as a schoolboy putteth down his hose!

Copies of one edition of Marlowe's Elegies were publicly burned at Stationers' Hall on June 4th, 1599, by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. All these elegies, says C. F. Tucker Brooke, "are characterised by boyish stiffness of expression, by metrical inexperience and defective scholarship". To put it more plainly, his Elegies and Epigrams, are just a series of smutty yarns, none of which give any unprejudiced man the slightest reason to think that he who penned them could possibly have written "Tamburlaine" or Edward II, or indeed any of the works which the critics find so like "Shakespeare" that they presume that he helped to write the immortal plays.

Time precludes discussion of other so-called Marlowe plays, but, having mentioned "Tamburlaine," I must say here with what disgust, at having been hoodwinked so long, I discover that this great masterpiece which one is taught at school to believe to be by Marlowe, *never was published as by him*! It was published anonymously, and it does not appear that in Marlowe's day anyone ever mentioned the play as being by him. It is, I find, only the critics who have attributed "Tamburlaine" to Marlowe; on the same grounds, apparently, as those from which they conclude that he wrote also Richard II, Henry VI and Titus Andronicus! That Marlowe wrote "Tamburlaine" is nothing but an assumption which most of the critics, like sheep, one after the other, unquestioningly have followed.

I shall revert to Edward II when I come to give you some facts—which will also amaze you—concerning Marlowe's life, or, rather, the fairy tale that has been made of it by Mr. John H. Ingram.

Meantime I will deal briefly with the next missing play—of Edward III. Like "Tamburlaine," Edward III was published anonymously. It is so unmistakably Shakespearean that even the critics cannot fail to recognise

the fact. One or two of the critics would, however, divide the honour of the authorship between "Shakespeare" and some unknown author, notwithstanding that such authorities as Capell, Prof. Tieck, Lord Tennyson, Miss E. Phipson, J. P. Collier and others, pronounce, unequivocally, in favour of "Shakespeare."

It was that brilliant genius, Dr. Furnivall, the gentleman who so scandalously misquoted Bishop Fuller (making that cleric say that he saw Shakespeare (meaning Shakspur) in the Mermaid Tavern bandying words with Ben Jonson, when all the good Bishop really said was that he saw him there "*in his imagination*") who first delivered himself of the bright suggestion that Edward III might be the work of some unknown author. He says, in his artless fashion: "There were doubtless one-play men in those days, as there have been one-book men since." But again I must ask, has any playwright since produced a play to equal it?

Although the majority of the critics agree that this play is by Shakespeare, it may perhaps be better if we satisfy ourselves upon the point by reading one or two passages therefrom.

The story of Edward III deals largely with the king's passion for the Countess of Salisbury, at whose castle (Roxburgh) he is entertained, after relieving it from siege by King David of Scotland. There is with the King one Lodwick, a fellow well read in poetry, and the King decides to take him into his confidence and enlist his aid in composing an appeal to the Countess' favour. As he says:—

> I will acquaint him with my passion;
> Which he shall shadow with a veil of lawn,
> Through which the queen of beauty's queens shall see
> Herself the ground of my infirmity.
>
> (*Re-enter Lodwick.*)
>
> Hast thou pen, ink and paper ready, Lodwick?
> *Lod.*: Ready, my liege.
> *King*: Then in the summer arbour sit by me,
> Make it our council house or cabinet;
> Since green our thoughts, green be the conventicle
> Where we will ease us by disburd'ning them.
> Now Lodwick invocate some golden muse
> To bring thee hither an enchanted pen,

That may, for sighs, set down true sighs indeed;
Talking of grief to make thee ready groan;
And when thou writ'st of tears encouch the word,
Before and after, with such sweet laments,
That it may raise drops in a Tartar's eye,
And make a flint heart Sythian pitiful:
For so much moving hath a poet's pen;
Then, if thou be a poet, move thou so,
And be enriched by thy sovereign's love.
For, if the touch of sweet concordant strings
Could force attendance in the ears of hell;
How much more shall the strains of poet's wit
Beguile and ravish soft and human minds?

Lod.: To whom my lord shall I direct my style?

King: To one that shames the fair and sots the wise;
Whose body is an abstract or a brief,
Contains each general virtue in the world.
Better than beautiful thou must begin;
Devise for fair a fairer word than fair;
And every ornament that thou would'st praise,
Fly it a pitch above the soar of praise
For flattery fear thou not to be convicted;
For were thy admiration ten times more,
Ten times ten thousand more the worth exceeds.

Now listen to this for a piece of description; how a mariner is made to report to the French King the approach of Edward's fleet.

Mar.: Near to the coast I have descried, my lord,
As I was busy in my watchful charge,
The proud Armado of King Edward's ships:
Which at the first, far off when I did ken,
Seem'd as it were a grove of wither'd pines:
But drawing near, their glorious bright aspect,
Their streaming ensigns wrought of coloured silk,
Like to a meadow full of sundry flowers,
Adorns the naked bosom of the earth.
Majestical the order of their course,
Figuring the horned circle of the moon,
And on the top-gallant of the admiral,
And likewise all the handmaids of his train,
The arms of England and of France unite
Are quarter'd equally by herald's art.
Thus, tightly carried with a merry gale,
They plough the ocean hitherward amain.

The delicate imagery of this play—which all should read, as it is readily and inexpensively obtainable (from J. M. Dent and Co., Aldine House, London) betrays in every line its Shakespearean authorship. And perhaps you noted the mind of the lawyer in those two lines:—

"Whose body is an abstract or a brief,
Contains each general virtue in the world."?

The omission of a play of Edward V from the "Shakespeare" sequence is, of course, at once explained in that Edward V reigned only for one year.

As regards Henry VII, we know that the story of this King's reign is told, not in the form of a play, but in a prose treatise, by Sir Francis Bacon. Curiously enough, it is the only history of any of the Kings of England thus written by him. It has always seemed to me to be highly probable that all the Plays of "Shakespeare" were first drafted in prose and subsequently put into dramatic form. This history, it would appear, Sir Francis had no time to reconstruct dramatically.

We must now hark back to Marlowe and Edward II.

Does Marlowe's life square at all with the works of such supreme merit as those attributed to him? I regret to have to tell you that nobody appears to know anything at all about him, though Mr. John H. Ingram's book of three hundred and five pages ("Christopher Marlowe and His Associates") purports to tell the story of his life!

But, like "Shakespeare's England" and the so-called biographies of Shakespeare, this book, while giving one a mass of not uninteresting information concerning Elizabethan times, furnishes no more information about Marlowe than could be written on a half sheet of notepaper. The Christopher Marlowe who is taken to be the author was born in Canterbury in the same year as Shakespeare of Stratford—i.e., 1564. What house he was born in is, similarly, unknown. His father was a shoe-maker. Mr. John H. Ingram, who is quoted by Mr. Tucker Brooke, indicates that there is no proof that he ever had any schooling before he became, as they allege, a scholar at the King's School, but the latter gentleman *thinks* that he *may* have gone to a shop called the Fyle, adjoining the Court Hall, where the common clerk, "or one for him" gave instruction to the youth of Canterbury in his day. Then, putting a bold face on things, he asserts roundly that "by the end of 1578 he had obtained a scholarship in the King's School." This statement appears to be based upon the fact that the name not of Marlowe, but of "Marley" (very clearly written) appears in the lists of

the Treasurer's accounts of payments made to the scholars in 1578-9. If you are content to believe that the name of a boy christened as Marlowe would be carefully inscribed as "Marley" in the book of the principal school of his native town, the rest of the story, which takes us to Corpus Christi, Cambridge, is not too difficult to follow, for we find our hero entered there in the following year (in the register of admissions) not as Marlowe, mark you, nor even Marley, but as "Marlin"!! The last-mentioned name can be seen there to this day—beautifully inscribed! And, according to Dyce, the names of new scholars admitted to Corpus Christi were recorded with pomp and circumstance even though it was the custom to inscribe the surname only.

If you are interested to pursue the matter further you will find that a person named Chros. Marlyn obtained his B.A. at Corpus Christi in 1584, while in 1587 he is recorded in the Grace Book, still as "Marlin," as having in that year obtained his M.A. As in the case of Shakespeare of Stratford no authentic writing or signature of Marlowe's is known to exist. Pathetically Mr. Ingram asks the question "Is any authentic writing or signature of Christopher Marlowe known to exist?" There are no letters to Marlowe—from anyone about anything, and no one appears to have known him except Thomas Kyd, whom Mr. Ingram has no words harsh enough to describe.

Adopting the conditional and subjunctive cases, Mr. Ingram, of course, makes reference to lots of gentlemen. and even noblemen, whom Marlowe could, would, or should have known. He is assumed to have known Sir Walter Raleigh, for instance, because, says Mr. Ingram, Sir Walter founded the famous club that held its (alleged) gatherings at the "Mermaid" Tavern, and (listen carefully to this please, for I am now quoting Mr. Ingram) "That Marlowe was one of the coterie of eminent people who foregathered there, there *seems little reason to doubt*!" And so on and so on, all through the book, in the best manner of the Stratfordians—no proof of anything! But Mr. Ingram has produced a monumental work of which any man might be proud—or

ashamed, according to the view one takes of this kind of fabrication—in face of the almost insuperable difficulty of having nothing but supposition to work upon. I am satisfied that his deductions, though strained frequently to a point that is ludicrous, are not intentionally designed to deceive: that they represent merely the endeavour of a man, keenly appreciative of the amazing merit of "Tamburlaine," Edward II, etc., to picture for us the life and personality of the supposed author.

But if Mr. Ingram is not exactly the type of person one would choose to write a biography, you will agree that he is a literary critic of no mean merit; for he says: "How strongly Marlowe subjected his mind and style to Shakespeare's is shown in Edward II. Even as Shakespeare's earliest dramas show the pervading influence of Marlowe [we must forgive him that!] so did Marlowe's latest work, Edward II testify to the all-powerful influence which Shakespeare had now acquired over him." In support of his opinion he quotes Richard Simpson as saying that "the very structure of Edward II seems to bear witness to the counsel and aid of 'Shakespeare.' And indeed," continues Mr. Ingram, "it is difficult to resist the belief that Shakespeare's own work is present in the play. . . Marlowe's reflections in this drama are sometimes so Shakespearean in tone and temper that one is frequently prompted to think that he must have been dipping his pen into the inkhorn of the young man from Warwickshire!"

"There is," he says, "the ring of Shakespeare's voice in the words of fiery young Mortimer, the prototype of the still more fiery Hotspur."

> "I scorn that one so basely born
> Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
> And riot it with the treasure of the realm.
> While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
> He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
> And Midas-like he jets it in the court,
> With base outlandish cullions at his heels. . .
> He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
> Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,
> A jewel of more value than the crown."

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"All this (I am still quoting Mr. Ingram) is quite foreign

to Marlowe's customary tone." And again he says: "Does not the sign-manual of Shakespeare appear in such similes as these:

> "The shepherd nip't with biting winter's rage,
> Frolics not more to see the painted Spring,
> Than I do to behold your Majesty."

Mr. Ingram here commits himself more valorously than do any of the other critics whose views I have so far read to the Shakespearean authorship of Edward II.

Isn't it as clear as a pike-staff that he is on the borderline of frank assertion that Edward II was written, not by Marlowe, but by Shakespeare? And is it not equally clear that he is only restrained from so doing because he has never realised that William Shakespeare was nothing more than a pen-name designed to shield from the abuse and bigotry of the time the personality of the greatest scholar and poet of all time?

OF THE DRAMA.

By Alicia Amy Leith.

IN the rosy dawn of the Drama the golden Isles of the West were lying in Cimmerian darkness when sandelled players strolled from Etruria to Rome. With grace of action and gesture, fables, flutes, and dancing they added much to the religious drama of the Temple. Uncouth of tongue they spoke a language belonging to no other nation in the world, yet they were eloquent, and told their story in dumb-show better than words.

The *Hister* or Etrurian was the poet actor of the ages who brought to Greece and Rome "sacred relics, gentle whispers and the breath of better times," and "formed and taught by his fables." Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients* illuminates on this subject.

Audiences gathered in the Theatre Maximus or in the Forum received from these *Histrionese* truths singularly noble and great because "they fell under their sight by a familiar and easy passage." Secret and concealed learning was taught thus with aid of the flutes and trumpets of the Muses.

In the *Adv. of Learning* Bacon plainly approves of the Drama as a means of education, assuring us many wise men and great philosophers think it the archet or musical bow of the mind. He knows as we know that St. Augustine of Hippo, St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Antoninus considered the Drama if properly conducted and controlled useful for inculcating virtue. Aquinus says of the *Histrionatus Ars* "that if purified from disorders it would educate, for Phantasy (poetry, imagination, fiction) are positive helps to the flight of Man's mind to his Creator."

St. Augustine writes much about the Drama. "Let them show public places where the people might come and hear their God's doctrines concerning the restraint of covetousness, the suppression of ambition, and the brid-

ling of luxury and riot, where wretches might learn that which Perseus thunders unto men, saying:

> Learn wretches and conceive the course of things
> What man is and why Nature forth him brings . . .
> How to use money, how to give to friends,
> What we in earth, and God in us intends."

St. Augustine's *City of God* was "Englished first by F.H.* and in the second edition compared with the Latin Original, and in many places corrected and amended 1620."

The first edition seems to have appeared in Henry VIII's reign with Notes by Vives, the tutor of Princess Mary. The Second is dedicated to the noble Brothers to whom the Shakespeare Plays are dedicated, with a third added, also a friend of Francis Bacon. These are William, Earl of Pembroke, Philip, Earl of Montgomery, and Thos., Earl of Arundel, at whose house at Highgate Bacon is said to have died. Augustine asks that "good precepts of Celestial Chastity" and "goodness shall be taught to great multitudes of spectators." This word spectators is *most* significant. He also says, "The best of Stage Plays are Tragedy and Comedy, these poetical fables made to be acted . . . the old men cause to be taught to their children amongst their most holiest and liberal studies." He explains Tragedy as from the Goat, "the prize and reward of the best show," or "from the lees, with which the actors annoint their faces." He adds, "Comedy is from this too, or from sacrifices to Apollo, for which, as time went, elegant and conceited verses were made by good wits."

Rhetoric in Bacon's day covered all Dramatic Representation. It was one of the Liberal Arts taught at Cambridge, and he has much to say about it. In the Netherlands, Chambers of Rhetoric were places where Interludes, Plays and Intellectual Allegorical Shows took place. The Muses, Melpomene, Thalia, Terpsichore and Euterpe were said to inspire this Art. "It fills the imagination," says Bacon, "for the better moving of the appetite and will." Persuasion was the value of the Art according to Quintilian and Aristotle and other classic writers.

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* Who was F.H.? Echo answers "who?"

Quintilian was sucked in by the child Francis Bacon at Sir Nicholas' knee in the gallery at Gorhambury; and the Ency. Britt.: says "Bacon's fertile and acute brain addressed itself to the Will and Persuasion."

Shakesperians, whether Baconians or otherwise, all find their agreement in the fact that the author they disagree about is a Philosopher. To make quite sure that we understand the full meaning of that word we must go to Bacon's *Advt. of Learning*, Book III., and see his definition.

Knowledge of God;
Knowledge of Nature;
Knowledge of Man.

Stratfordians, study this definition before you glibly dub Shaxper a Philosopher.

With one accord the world holds Bacon Philosopher. His Royal Society names him Interpreter of Nature; Hallam calls him "that wonderful Man . . . who plumbed the depths of the human mind" and "who might have been the High Priest of Nature if he had not been the Chancellor of a man who was totally incapable of sounding the depths of Lord Bacon's mind, or even of estimating his genius." Hallam says further, "Bacon's views for the Truth and Happiness of Mankind is as the vision of a Temple of stately front, with columns and internal splendour revealing a glory not permitted him to comprehend."

Alas! a glory which even to-day the world has not permitted itself to comprehend. "I am born for Philanthropia" cried our Philosopher, "the weal of Man is so fixed in my mind it cannot be moved." To borrow from Robert Bridges, Bacon's compassion now led him "to leaven the lump of Man's Life," a line so reminiscent of Bacon:—

> "In the Theatre of Man's Life God and His Angels are the lookers on."

We get a further token of Bacon's Knowledge of God in the following prayer: "Most gracious Lord God, I have sought Thee in the courts, fields and gardens, but I have found Thee in Thy Temples. . . . Thy creatures have

been my books but Thy Scriptures much more." "The Temple of God is holy, which Temple ye are," says St. Paul. He and Bacon were both most anxious that should be understood. "Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God," said the Lawyer of Tarsus, and again: "Ye are the Temple of the living God."

Further information of Bacon as to the making of a Philosopher is addressed to King James in Book I. of the *Adv. of Learning*. "Learning and Universality, and to be a student of God's work." And now we see him in thought of a *mirror* or *glass* in which to prosecute that study.

"The mind of Man is as a mirror or glass capable of the image of the universal world, and joyful to receive the image thereof, as the eye joyous to receive light."

Inquisition of Truth is Bacon's panacea for what he calls an insane world. Man must *look*, must *see*, must *know*. Divine Majesty leads, and he follows. His wisdom perceives the Lord God as Creator of a Theatre. A Globe, with a stage where every man must play his part.

As if he could not obtain a greater honour than to be God's fellow Architect Bacon too created a Theatre. A Microcosmus of the Microcosm the Globe. A Globe too in which is a stage where virtue and Goodness are conspicuous. For "seeing things," said Bacon, "in the present sight do more forcibly fill the imagination, and strike the memory. You will more easily remember a Jester acting upon a stage than the notion of action." On the same page on which he writes of the Ancients using the Theatre to inculcate virtue, he deplores deficiency in his own England with regard to education and instruction in Dramatic Art. He calls it wanting in *discipline*, which at that time meant cultivation.

Francis Bacon at sixteen was attached to the French Court, in residence now in Paris, now in Blois and Tours, where Theatres were in fashion and Churches and Preachers were not. The stage was greatly in vogue. Henri III. sent for the Italian chief actor, Adreini, to Blois from Venice. Francis Bacon must have revelled in the perfected Drama both of France and Italy in the Sixteenth Century.

In 1580 when he was in Mantua and Ferrara on a Mission from the hand of his sovereign Elizabeth the Estensi and Gonzaghe delighted in the Plays of Count Ariosto and Machiavelli although they had passed away fifty years and more. Bitterly satirical as was Machiavelli's Play *Mandragola* (Bacon censured the cynical bitterness of Plays in his own country) yet the *De Augmentis* commends Machiavelli. "Gratitude is owed him and to all who like him studied that men *do*, instead of that which they ought to do."

A most significant point, seeing that Machiavelli was a student of Society and History in favour of virtue and freedom and is said to remind Villari in his *Dialogue* "of the matchless art of Shakespeare."

To England's detriment Bacon saw nobles and statesmen of Italy extolled and beloved the more they were votaries of the Muses, and Count Ariosto's Plays magnifically staged, even by himself, the scenery painted in wonderful perspective by Italy's finest artists including Raffaello.

Elizabeth, when he returned home to Gray's Inn, let him contrive her Dumb Shows, and costume her Masques in historical correctness when a Greenwich Matinée was in prospect, but more she denied him. Her gallants must keep themselves unspotted from poetry or the Drama. Undaunted in spirit he who his contemporaries called "Nightingale," "Poet," "Day-Star of the Muses," "Apollo," "Leader of the Muses," was driven to Mask and Pseudonym to achieve that for which he was born, "the building of Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land."

Dramatic History, what Bacon calls "visible History," things past brought to sight as if they were present, now sent the old "Chronicles" flying. Inadequate to reflect "the smallest passages and motions of the real man and things" as Bacon, a true dramatic critic, complained. "The principal point of the knowledge of others" he writes in Book VIII, of *The Adv: of L.* (Wats) ". . . may be determined. . that we procure to ourselves so far as may be that window which Momusonce required. He, when he

saw in the frame of Man's heart so many angles and recesses found fault that there was not a window through which a man might look into those obscure and crooked windings." That window Bacon said "we have". And so now a new Drama is invented holding up a mirror to Nature wherein is seen the very heart and soul of Man.

Henry V.

This Prince in his noble vigour and excellence, inspires a younger Prince Hal, who would have been his worthy successor as Henry 9 had he, unfortunate victim, not obeyed a call to die. Falstaff, the toper, is the merry comrade with good points alongside bad.

This play of Man's Life is a mingled yarn, as are all the Plays reflected in The Globe now created.

Romeo and Juliet

is declared by the Italian editor of its Translation as the work of a youth who visited Verona in the springtime of his life. It shows the passion of love as something that "shakes, and transports Reason," as Bacon says passion does; but it is, the Italian translator says: "a love purely Italian, inspired by Italy's lovely sky, a noble ecstasy induced by the perfumed air of our open plains."

Othello

shows Love a fury, as well as his great admiration for the virtue of Temperance . . . . . and much else.

Hamlet

frets two hours on the stage showing Goodness standing in the very gates of hell, faith in things unseen, Fear of God the beginning of wisdom, dread of His Judgments when prayer and repentance are missing. Courage facing death with *readiness* as all. The Prince is reflected perhaps from the great soul of the author.

Midsummer Night's Dream

is "As it were a dream of knowledge, a sweet pleasing thing full of variations, and somewhat inspired with Divine Rapture which dreams likewise pretend," which is

Bacon's definition of Poesy. It were difficult to describe The Dream better. In it "the learned spirit of past Antiquity by a kind of charm being awak'd and roused from the dead," proves its author. Titania we know as Diana, and Oberon Apollo, while the fairies are nymphs of Helicon.

Twelfth Night.

In this mirror held up by the Interpreter of Nature the foibles and love passages of Elizabeth's Court are reflected. But for those who understand it is a Parable in which Divinity crowns Love and Reason, the Twins; Bacon writes of it in the *Advt. of Learning*.

As You Like It.

An allegory deep and rich is this play of Man's Life exiled in the wilderness of this world, as Miss Sennett has made clear already.

The Taming of the Shrew.

Because this Stage Play is "so absurd and idle in its narration" we must obey our Philosopher, and not "suppose it a vague and indeterminate thing formed only for amusement;" on the contrary, it strikes a note as high as Apollo himself and his Shrew-mouse, that Andrew Lang tells us about. Again we must go to Bacon who would have us know: "If any man would let in new light upon human understanding . . . he must still go in the same path (as the Ancients) and have recourse to the like methods . . . . fables and parables."

Merchant of Venice.

It was St. Augustine's wish that Doctrines of Covetousness should be brought home to the people, so his disciple, our Playwright, makes Usury fill the imagination in present sight, by means of Shylock, while virtue is seen in lovely contrast of sweet Portia. For in Shakespeare, as Robert Bridges says: "Ideal women walk in worship and the baser sort find sympathy, and both are bravely stirred together as water and oil."

Henry VIII.

Suppression of Ambition in obedience to Hippo's Bishop is taught by Wolsey, whose Farewell speech is paralleled by Bacon in his poem "Farewell to the World."

Macbeth.

Has his original in the Chronicle of King Offa and his wicked Queen, sucked in from youth by Francis Bacon in St. Alban's abbey. God's Judgments had for their stage *The Theatre*,* which owed its title to the Greek, setting at naught the old Saxon one of Play-house; this when Bacon returned from Cambridge at fifteen.

The Tempest.

The last Fable by our Instaurator of Art presents to great multitudes Natural Philsosophy, Morality, Civil Polity, his favorite themes. But also his favorite Virgil's Mysteries. Wonder, he tells us, is the first step in Philosophy, and what a sweet wonder indeed is Miranda?

As this Play is the last penned by our magician, it is the last touched upon by me. . . who asks to apply to great Shake-speare who by his own choice walked the earth unknown our late Poet Laureate's most inspired words:—

"Nature teacheth Man by Beauty, and by the lure of Sense leadeth him ever upward to heavenly things, and how the mere sensible forms which first arrest him take on ever more and more spiritual aspect and how Man groweth to find his will in God's pleasure his pleasure in God's will. And how he is drawn to that happiness by the irresistible predominance of attraction, not by the bitter satire of a cynic's wit, but rather in what worketh secure in Mankind's love of Beauty and in the Beauty of Truth."

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* The name of the first Theatre in London, in Finsbury Fields.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "DON QUIXOTE."

(A Lecture delivered at Canonbury Tower, Sept., 1930.)

By Horace Nickson.

THE Bacon-Shakespeare controversy sometimes engenders ill-feeling owing to the general prejudice against Francis Bacon for certain offences that history records unfavourably, but, if the Baconian cypher revelations ever become universally accepted, then, and not till then, will the glory of his name and memory be vindicated in the hearts and minds of the English-speaking peoples all over the world.

A long time ago some contributor to Baconiana claimed *Don Quixote* as having been written by Bacon. I thought, Hello! another lunatic in the field,—another example of making ourselves appear ridiculous in the eyes of sane people,—another hindrance to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy ever becoming popular.

After a time I thought it only fair to read *Don Quixote* very carefully to see for myself if there be any Baconian evidences to support this lunatic's claims.

It wasn't long before I put myself into a home for the insane, for I saw quite plainly that it was much easier to prove that Bacon wrote *Don Quixote* than it is of Shakespeare.

The work not being dramatic nor poetical, the author could distribute his own ideas and sentiments throughout the book wherever he thought fit, in conversational or narrative dialogue.

Don Quixote is a man with a fantastical mania for knight errantry, who goes through a series of impossible acts of gallantry towards all sorts and conditions of people, whom he imagines are in need of his help.

These fantastical episodes are somewhat tedious and quite foolish at times, written probably "to tickle the ears of the groundlings" and to make the book popular; but, interspersed with this tomfoolery, is some of the

finest philosophy, together with essays on almost every subject that we know Francis Bacon to have expressed elsewhere. All his pet prejudices reappear in *Don Quixote* in a manner that we can understand better than that which appears in his own letters, works, or others such as Shakespeare, &c.

He is careful, too, to state in anagrammatical form that he is the author.

"I dare assure thee, Sancho"—(who is Don Quixote's man)—a name that forms, in anagram, part of Bacon and part of Shakespeare—the first three letters of Shakespeare and last three of Bacon; that is,—'Shacon'—this character says: "I dare assure thee that the author of "our history must be some sage enchanter, and one of "those from whose universal knowledge none of the "things which they have a mind to record can be con-"cealed."

He that wrote this history is called Cid Hamet Berengena. Cid, he explains, is Arabic for lord, which is a hint that Ben is also Arabic and means son of—thus the sentence in anagram reads: I, Lord Bacon—for what is Hamēt but Bacon—Berengena, Son of the Queen.

This Berengena is supposed to be a mistake of Sancho's, for elsewhere the statement appears several times that the author is Cid Hamet Benengeli, which means Lord Bacon, Son of England.

In my copy of the Bohn's Library edition, 2nd volume, page 526, is printed Cid Hamlet as the author. Whether Hamlet is a misprint or is intended I cannot tell; one would say that if it is found in the original it would not be reprinted as such, unless as a direct hint of a connection with Shakespeare.

Also the number 3300 is forced in on two or three occasions, which rather suggests that the author, who is Bacon, wishes to draw attention to the number thirty-three, as he does in *Julius Caesar*, making that character die of thirty-three wounds, when he knew well enough they were twenty three.

Thirty-three hundred stripes with the lash Don Quixote is going to give Sancho on his naked body.

You can see that this number is forced in; why not ten, or a hundred, or a thousand?

This thirty-three is the numerical count of Bacon according to the twenty-four letter alphabet of that day, nought stood for cypher, so it may mean that Bacon's two cyphers are hinted at, he using two cyphers—the word cypher and the bi-literal cypher in the Shakespeare and other works.

Again, Don Quixote, when pronounced Don qui so te, means the man who hides himself, another hint—there being no letter x in the Spanish alphabet.

On page 468 the curate is speaking of certain books—where they happily leave in doubt which is the translation and which is the original.

I never heard of any such works where there has been a doubt, except those which Bacon may have written, such as *Don Quixote*; is this another hint?

Polonius's advice to his son in *Hamlet* is here very similarly expressed to Sancho, who is supposed to have been promoted to governor of an island.

These are the precepts—

"Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, "though not more justice than the testimony of the rich."

"Be solicitous to find out the truth, amidst the offers "and presents of the rich, as amidst the sobs and im-"portunities of the poor."

"Wherever equity should or ought to have place, let "not the whole rigour of the law bear upon the delinquent; "for it is not a better character in a judge to be rigorous "than to be indulgent."

"If thou shouldst bend the rod of justice, let it not be "by the weight of a bribe, but that of mercy."

"If thine enemy have a cause before thee, turn away "thy mind from thine injury, and fix it on the truth of "the case."

There are several more of like character, too many to rehearse.

Now give attention to those that relate to the adorning of the body.

"As to the governing of thy person and family—my

"first injunction is cleanliness—pare thy nails, nor let "them grow as some do, whose folly persuades them that "long nails add to the beauty of the hand, as if this "excrement and addition that they give add to the beauty "of the hand."

(You will notice Bacon's idea that nails are excrements.)

"Keep thy clothes tight about thee, for a slovenly "dress is an argument of a careless mind, unless such a "negligence, as was judged to be that of Julius Cæsar, be "affected for some cunning design."

"Lest thy breath betray thy peasantry defile it not "with onions or garlic."

(Another Baconian and Shakespearean phrase.)

"Eat little at thy dinner, and less at supper, for the "stomach is the workshop where the health of the whole "body is forged."

"Walk softly, speak with deliberation, yet not as if "thou didst hearken to thy own words; for all affection "(meaning affectation) is evil."

"Drink moderately; for too much wine neither keeps a "secret, nor observes a promise."

"Be careful not to chew on both sides, nor eructate "before anyone."

"Eructate," exclaims Sancho. "I do not understand "that."

"To eructate," says Don Quixote, "is as much as to "say to belch; but this being one of the most beastly "words in our language, though very significant, the more "polite borrow from the Latin, so instead of belching say "eructating."

Now custom in its use will make it familiar. Thus are languages enriched, over which the multitude and custom rule.

Now this refers directly and solely to the English language, not the Spanish; the Spanish has no such objectionable word; it is purely an example of Bacon coining a new English word from the Latin.

There are pages more of similar advice,—all Baconian to a degree.

Then follows advice regarding his dress and appearance if he becomes governor-general of the island.

It is all so similar to Shakespeare that only one man could have expressed his likes and dislikes in the same language.

Don Quixote then exclaims: "O Sinner that I am, "how scandalous it looks in a governor not to be able to "read or write. I must needs tell thee, Sancho, that "for a man to be illiterate, or to be left-handed, implies "that either his parents were very poor and mean, or "that he was of so perverse and ill a nature he could not "receive the impressions of good example nor of good "teaching. This is a very great defect; I would have "thee at least learn to write thy name."

"I can write my name well enough," says Sancho, "for when I was steward in our parish, I learned to "scrawl a sort of letters such as they marked bundles "with, which they told me spelt my name. Besides I "can pretend my right hand is lame, and so another shall "sign for me."

Does not this suggest Shakspur, the actor, the one who could just manage to scrawl his name?

In the following you may recognise the author of Shakespeare expressing his views of *Cupid*:—

"They say he is a little blind urchin, and yet, though "he is blear-eyed, or to speak more truly, without sight, "if he shoot at a heart straight, little as he is, he will hit "it and bore it through with his dart from one side to the "other. Moreover I have heard say that the shafts of "love are blented and beaten back by the modest and "sober carriage of young maidens."

Shakespeare says:—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind.
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

So Don Quixote says: "Of the greater sins that men "commit, though some think pride, I say ingratitude is "the worst."

One nearly hears the voice of our author speaking, sometimes as Bacon, then as Shakespeare, and sometimes

as Don Quixote—for Sancho—expressing his view of sleep compares it to death, just as Shakespeare does.

"That I do not understand," quoth Sancho, "only "this I understand, that while I am asleep, I feel neither "fear, nor hope, nor pain, nor glory. Blessings light on "him that first invented this same sleep. A cloak that "covers all man's thoughts, it is meat for the hungry, "drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the "hot, and in fine the current coin that purchases all "things, the balance and weight that sets the king and "the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even. There "is only one thing, as I have heard say, that is bad in "sleep; it is that it resembles death, for there is very "little difference between a man in sleep and a dead man."

One of the tricks of speech of both Shakespeare and Bacon is the phrase: "If me no ifs; but me no buts," &c. So Sancho says: "Miracle me no miracles."

Bacon, too, always had the true conception of what posterity would think of his writings—how he had the clear idea of the popularity of them as expressed in the Sonnets, so we get it in *Don Quixote*, as follows:—

Of his Don Quixote he says:

"Children will handle it; youngsters will read it; "grown men will understand it, and old people will "applaud it. In short, it will be so universally thumbed, "so studied and so known, that if people do but see a lean "horse, they will presently cry: 'There goes Rozinante.'

"There is never a nobleman's ante-chamber where you "shall not find a Don Quixote. No sooner has one laid "it down, but another takes it up; one asks for it here, "and there it is snatched up by another. In a word, it is "esteemed the most pleasant and least dangerous diversion "that ever was seen, as being a book that does not betray "the least indecent expression nor a thought that is not "authodox."

The author has a good opinion of himself, which he never fails to express, but which would be consummate egotism in other men.

The following sounds very Baconian. In speaking of the heroes of antiquity:—

"Few or none of those famous heroes of antiquity could "escape the venomous arrows of calumny.

"Julius Cæsar, that most courageous, prudent and "valiant captain, was marked as being ambitious, and "neither so clean in his apparel nor in his manners as he "ought to have been.

"Alexander, whose mighty deeds gained him the title "of the Great, was charged with being addicted to drunk-"enness.

"Hercules, after his many heroic labours, was accused "of voluptuousness and effeminacy,"—and so on.

I find that those heroes and heroines of antiquity which are treated of in Bacon and Shakespeare, and are the author's particular favourites, are also dealt with in a similar way in *Don Quixote*.

One of his favourite themes or topics which obtrudes itself all through Shakespeare is the one of Helen of Troy and the Trojan War. So is it in *Don Quixote*. Also the King Arthur legend, a purely English tradition, yet it interests the author in like manner.

"Have you not read," cried Don Quixote, "the annals "and History of Britain, where are recorded the famous "deeds of King Arthur, who, according to an ancient "tradition in that kingdom, never died, but was turned "into a crow by enchantment, and shall one day resume "his kingdom again? For which reason, since that "time, the people of Great Britain dare not offer to kill a "crow."

By-the-way, is the treble-dated crow, mentioned in the enigmatical and prophetic poem, the Phœnix and the Turtle, anything to do with Bacon coming into his kingdom again after 300 years? the crow being thought to live a hundred years. There is no reason why *Don Quixote* should not be used as a commentary on Shakespeare, since the same genius wrote both.

To proceed. In this good king's time the most noble order of the Knights of the Round Table was first instituted, and then also the amours between Sir Lancelot of the Lake and Queen Guenever were really transacted as that history relates. This is continued at length, showing

the author particularly interested and conversant with English History.

Doubtless we most of us know Bacon's description of his love for Margaret de Valois and his love encounter from the orchard to the balcony of the bedroom, part of which is described in dramatic form in the balcony scene of *Romeo amd Juliet*.

The following from *Don Quixote* sounds very like Bacon still harping on his love affair with that princess:—

"That night the lover takes leave of the princess at "the iron gate before her chamber window looking into "the garden, where he and she have already had several "interviews, by means of the princess's confidante, a "damsel who carries on the intrigue between them.

"The knight sighs, the princess swoons, the damsel "runs for cold water to bring her to life again, very uneasy "also because the morning light approaches, and she "would not have them discovered, lest it should reflect "on her lady's honour.

"At last the princess revives and gives the knight her "lovely hand to kiss through the iron grate, which he "does a thousand and a thousand times, bathing it all "the while with his tears.

"Then they agree how to transmit their thoughts with "secrecy to each other, with a mutual interchange of "letters, during this fatal absence.

"The princess prays him to return with all the speed "of a lover; the knight promises it with repeated vows, "and from his very self he seals once more his love on her "soft snowy hand, almost breathing out his soul, which "mounts to his lips, and even would leave its body to "dwell there; and then he is hurried away by the fearful "confidante. After this cruel separation he retires to "his chamber, and throws himself on to his bed; but "grief will not suffer sleep to close his eyes. Then, "rising with the sun, he goes to take leave of the King "and Queen and of the princess, but is told that the "princess is indisposed; and as he has reason to believe "that his departing is the cause of her disorder, he is so "grieved at the news that he is ready to betray the secret

"of his heart, which, the princess's confidante observing, "she goes and acquaints her with it, and finds the lively "mourner bathed in tears, who tells her that the greatest "affliction of her soul is her not knowing whether her "charming knight be of Royal blood."

This tale terminates with their getting married, which contradicts that of Bacon's experience, yet there is the part of it which I have just read that seems to me part of the Bacon-Margaret love affair, as told in the 'Word' and 'Biliteral' cypher stories.

I believe that, apart from *Don Quixote*, Bacon and Shakespeare are the only authorities who state that if a murderer is brought in contact with the corpse its wounds will bleed afresh.

But *Don Quixote* has the same sentiment in a similar case to that of *Julius Caesar*, whose wounds started to bleed afresh as Brutus drew the covering aside, in the play of *Julius Caesar*.

As Orlando writes his love's name on the barks of trees, so does Amadis in *Don Quixote*.

But what strikes me most forcibly as proof that Shelton's edition is not a translation of the original, and that the author is an Englishman, is this: There are scores of instances of a play on words; that is, when the word has two or more meanings in English, but we all know that such a thing as this cannot be produced in a translation; besides the jokes are too good to have any meaning at all in Spanish—it simply cannot be done.

The following is a discourse touching plays and their uses, &c.:—

"If plays now in use, as well as those which are "altogether of the poet's invention, as those that are "grounded upon history, be all of them, or, however, the "greatest part made up of most absurd extravagances "and incoherences; things that have neither head nor "foot, side nor bottom, and yet the multitude see them "with satisfaction, esteem and approves them, though "they are so far from being good; and if the poets who "write and the players who act them say they must be so "contrived and no otherwise, because they please the

"generality of the audience; and if those which are "regular and according to art, serve only to please half a "dozen judicious persons who understand them, whilst "the rest of the company must fast so far as they know "anything of the matter; and therefore the poets and the "actors say, they had rather get their bread by the greater "number than the applause of the less.

"The curate joins in here to express his opinions. " 'You have hit,' says he, 'upon a subject about plays I "should like to discuss. Plays ought to be mirrors of "human life, patterns of good manners, and the very "representatives of truth—those now acted are mirrors of "absurdities, patterns of follies, and images of ribaldry. "For instance, what can be more absurd than for the same "person to appear on the stage a child in swaddling-bands "in the first scene of the first act, and in the second a "grown man with a beard?

" 'What can be more ridiculous than to represent to us "a fighting old fellow, a cowardly youth, a rhetorical "footman, a polite page, a churlish king, and an un-"polished princess. What shall I say of their regard to "the time in which those actions they represent either "might or ought to have happened. For I have seen a "play, in which the first act began in Europe, the second "in Asia, and the third in Africa? Probably if there "had been another act, they would have carried it into "America.' This, he says, he has seen. Yet it is "apparently a criticism of the play, *Winter's Tale*, which "Cervantes never saw, but which Bacon probably wrote, "and is here indulging in a commentary on his own work."

Here follows the very best criticism of what plays should be and their objects, &c., that has ever been written upon the subject, and, although 300 years ago, is quite modern:—

"The principle design of all good governments in "permitting plays to be publicly acted should be to "amuse the commonality with some lawful recreation, "and so to divert those ill humors which idleness is apt "to breed; and that since this end is attained by any "sort of plays, whether good or bad, it is needless to

"prescribe laws to them or oblige the poets or actors to "strict rules, since any, I have said, will serve their end.

"To this I would answer, that this end would be "infinitely better attained by good plays than by bad "ones. He who sees a play that is regular and answerable "to the rules of poetry, is pleased with the comic part, "informed by serious, surprised at the variety of accidents, "improved by the language, warned by the frauds, "instructed by examples, incensed against vice and "enamoured with virtue.

"For a good play must cause all these emotions in the "soul of him that sees it, though he were never so in- "sensible and unpolished. And it is absolutely im- "possible that a play which has all these qualifications, "should not infinitely divert, satisfy and please, beyond "another that wants them, as most of them do which "are now usually acted. Neither are the poets who "write them in fault, for some of them are very sensible "of their errors, and extremely capable of performing "their duty—but plays being now altogether vendible "and a sort of merchandise, they say, and with reason, "that the actors would not purchase them unless they "were of that stamp, and therefore the poet endeavours "to suit the humour of the actors, who is to pay him for "his labour. Others write plays so inconsiderately that "after they have appeared on the stage the actors have "been forced to fly and abscond, for fear of being punished, "as it hath often happened, for having affronted kings "and dishonoured certain families.

"These and many other ill consequences which I omit "would cease by appointing an intelligent and judicious "person at Court to examine all plays before they were "acted, that is, not only those which are represented at "Court but throughout the land. So that without his "licence no magistrate should suffer any play to appear "in public."

I don't know how long ago the censor of plays as an official in this country was appointed, but long after these invaluable suggestions were printed in *Don Quixote*—showing us at any rate if Bacon should have written them how practical and up to date he was.

Here is another dissertation on the drama which would serve as a description of the Shakespeare plays:—

"The curate in the book is supposed to have burnt a "large part of someone's library, but saved a few worth "saving.

"He found one good thing in them, which was the "subject they furnished a man of understanding wherewith "to exercise his parts, because they allow a large scope "for the pen to dilate upon without any check, describing "shipwrecks, storms, skirmishes and battles, representing "to us a brave commander, with all the qualifications "requisite in such a one, showing his prudence in dis- "appointing the designs of the enemy, his eloquence in "persuading or dissuading his soldiers, his judgment in "council, his celerity in execution, and his valour in "assailing or repulsing an assault; laying before us "sometimes dismal and melancholy accident, sometimes "a delightful and unexpected adventure; in one place a "beautiful modest, discreet lady; in another a Christian- "like, brave and courteous gentleman; here a boisterous, "inhuman, boasting ruffian, there an affable, warlike "and wise prince. Now expressing the fidelity and "loyalty of subjects, now the generosity and bounty of "sovereigns. He may no less at times make known his "skill in astrology, cosmography, music and policy, and "if he pleases he cannot want an opportunity of appearing "knowing in necromancy. He may describe the subtility "of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the valour of Achilles, "the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of Sinor "Eurjalus, the liberality of Alexander, the valour of "Cæsar, the clemency and sincerity of Trajan, the fidelity "of Zepyrus, the prudence of Cato, and, in fine, all those "actions that may make up a complete hero; sometimes "attributing to them all to one person, and at other times "dividing them among many.

"This being so performed in a graceful style, and with "ingenious invention, approaching as much as possible "to truth, will doubtless compose so beautiful and various "a work that when finished its excellency and perfection "must attain the best end of writing, which is at once to

"delight and instruct, as I have said before, for the loose "method practiced in these books gives the author liberty "to play the epic, the lyric, and the dramatic poet and "to run through all the parts of poetry and rhetoric, for "epics may be as well writ in prose as in verse."

What I have noticed in my reading of *Don Quixote* is that every character in ancient history that Bacon or Shakespeare refers to is always treated in the same way. Here—the same partiality for the same heroes—Ulysses is always clever and sly—Alexander is always the hero he admires the most; next to him is Julius Cæsar, Helen of Troy and all the Homeric characters. In short, *Don Quixote*, whether Bacon wrote it or not, is as a book the best commentary for reference to get at the ideas of our author in a communicative, conversational form that you could have.

My paper will, I have no doubt, lead you on to read, mark and inwardly digest this one, as Bacon says in his essay, to be swallowed by some of you here to-night, if only to corroborate or disprove my opinion as to the real author of *Don Quixote*. For is it not another joke of someone to make Shakespeare and Cervantes die on the very same day of the month and year, April 23rd, 1616, St. George's Day, England's patron saint day? This is more than a coincidence, it is part of a plan, a scheme to cause someone at some future time to ask the question and want to know the why and the wherefore. In Shakespeare's case he was born on the same day of the month as his death, really too funny for words.

The curate going through these books, and burning most of them, suddenly comes across one called *Palmerin of England*. "Ha! have I found you," says the curate; "It must be preserved as a singular relic of antiquity; "and let such a costly box be made for him as Alexander "found amongst the spoils of Darius, which he devoted "to inclose Homer's works." A similar reference having been made by Shakespeare and Bacon.

This book deals with a Prince who is secretly carried away at his birth.

Southey has a very admirable abridgment which deals with his royal birth, &c.

I have had no opportunity to read the original, but I guess there is some similarity with Bacon's birth and Royal Parentage.

Here is a conversation of the author on the difficulty of translating poetry from one language into another:—

"A misfortune to all those who presume to translate "verses, since their utmost wit and industry can never "enable them to preserve the natural beauties and genius "that shine in the original.

"For this reason I am for having not only this book, "but others, laid up and deposited in some dry vault "till we have maturely determined what ought to be done "with them."

Strange that he should mention this, as the English Edition has some very fine poetry in it, which, I maintain, cannot successfully have been translated from the original by anyone except a first-class poet; or else the translation is the original, as I determine Shelton's ostensible translation to be.

The other reference to the making of a box and placing it in a dry vault is suggestive of Bacon's idea of preserving manuscripts, the very manuscripts which are missing, and will, I think, be found in some dry vault in a coffin, or in the wall, if the monument happens to be in a wall, as in the case of Shakespeare's monument at Stratford, to which Leonard Digges refers in his poem to Shakespeare —"When time dissolves thy Stratford monument."

Don Quixote, in speaking of his love, the princess, uses much the same language as Shakespeare in describing one of his heroines:—

"Her eyebrows are two celestial bows,
"Her eyes two glorious suns,
"Her cheekes two beds of roses.
"Her lips are coral, her teeth are pearl,
"Her neck is alabaster, her breasts marble,
"Her hands ivory, and snow would lose its whiteness near her bosom.
"The curling locks of her bright flowing hair are purest gold."

The idea that a lover can die of a broken heart is dis-

credited by Shakespeare and Don Quixote in much the same spirit.

Shakespeare says:—"Men have died and worms have "eaten them, but not for love."

Don Quixote says:—"These stories of people dying for "love are jest. They may tell you so, but, as to doing it, "let Judas believe it."

It must now be evident to most of you here to-night that there is a very great deal in common with these two—Shakespeare and Don Quixote. They even die on the same day—April 23rd, 1616. If numbers mean anything, then we get F Bac. But we need no numbers, nor
6 2 1 3
ghost from the grave, to tell us that Bacon wrote *Don Quixote*. No two men could be of such an identical type, so similar in their thoughts and expressions, in their philosophy, their likes and dislikes, their strong prejudices against garlic and other objectionable habits of feeding and belching (eructating, I should have said).

The pleasure got from reading *Don Quixote* is the numberless instances where it can help to enlighten one in Shakespeare, or Bacon; things one has failed thoroughly to grasp in Shakespeare have been elucidated by Don Quixote, and *vice versâ*.

DR. ORVILLE OWEN'S MISCALCULATION.

By Harold S. Howard.

DR. Orville W. Owen, in his earlier researches at Chepstow found the place where Francis Bacon buried his Manuscripts "deeper than plummet can sound," but he failed then and later to find the place to which prior to the Cromwell-Charles war, Bacon removed the manuscripts.

The account referred to in the last number of Baconiana from the June 21st Western Mail and South Wales News is rather inaccurate. Take for example the statement that Bacon conveyed "in an hour and a half" the Manuscripts from his place on the Usk (above Caerleon) to Chepstow on a barge heavily laden with stones towed by a fishing schooner. The authentic account says it took "*eight hours,*" and that is reasonable.

It has been said that, "It is one of the easiest things in the world to be original. It is not so very difficult to be sensible. To be both is to be a genius." Bacon was usually both, for in addition to being the greatest genius "since the year one," he probably was, as Walter Bagheot said, "the shrewdest man of the world that ever lived." But Bacon concealed a great deal from "common-sense," and without his keys and clues even genius would be baffled. Dr. Owen's cipher clues were, evidently, not enough even for him to find the second place of hiding by, and both he and his backer Dr. Prescott, whom I took over six years after Dr. Owen's last visit, missed what I believe from the discoveries of a later research is the right place.

I went out to Detroit in June, 1920, and interviewed Dr. Owen. It resulted in my taking his former backer, Dr. Prescott, over in August of that year. Dr. Owen wrote us to "dig shoulder to shoulder"; but Dr. Prescott

preferred to be the only American there, as he feared two would cause the newspapers to start premature publicity. So I gave him a free hand, and went to the Continent. He returned to America in January, 1921, without having found anything. He stuck rather too closely to Dr. Owen's sick-bed letter instructions, in which Owen wrote he "would not be responsible for any excavating except at the Piercefield Mansion."

Four months after Dr. Owen's death in March, 1924, I visited Chepstow and told his old boatman to "look for the steps." I financed him for the purpose, as I had financed Dr. Prescott. I then returned to France. In the Fall of the next year, just as I had finished writing the Epilogue to Gen. Hickson's "Prince of Poets," I was called up in London from Chepstow by the aforesaid boatman. He said he wanted me to come out and see a likely place he had excavated on the Charles Clay estate. I did so. It was an old paper-mill, as we found out later. We filled in the excavation, and then went to Offa's Dyke and excavated at a place near Sedbury Park that Dr. Owen had wanted to examine. Nothing came of that. It was at that time (Feb. 10th, 1926) that I found the clue that led me to a place on the Hastings Clay Estate that, as I have since learned, my predecessors passed by without noticing anything except that certain of the cipher clues were fulfilled there. They missed the more important fact that the cipher measurement fits perfectly at that point between two objects placed there by man, and on an angle from each other, and from the Castle, that may be the "True Angle" hinted at by the cypher, Not a true angle in the sense of "right angle," but the angle mentioned in Hamlet, where he says he is "but mad N.N.W." (Those who believe that Bacon used Cervantes' name, among other pseudonyms, will please note that his birthplace, where Columbus died, is Valladolid, due "North North West" of Madrid!). It is well to recall the "Shake-speare" line in this connection:—"The imagination of the lunatic, the lover, and the poet are all compact."

In Montaigne's Essays he says:—"A powerful imagina-

tion brings about the event." Trus, but imagination without information is inadequate in this research. The emblem clues are needed, as well as the cipher clues (especially as the latter are incompletely decoded). It is because I had *both sets* of clues in mind, that I went to the place above referred to (on the Hastings Clay Estate), on Feb. 15th, taking the boatman along. He had never seen the place before, but agreed with me that its chief landmark was very like the emblem object I had pointed out to him in an Emblem book I had with me at Chepstow. After a few weeks I secured a contract with the landowner, which I signed two days before the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre fire, and which he signed on March 6th, the day of that strangely coincidental event.

On May 17th I found the "steps" several feet under ground. From that time until June of the next year the work revealed that while Dr. Owen was on the right track he miscalculated at the critical point, and, as a gatekeeper on the estate has since told me, had come to the conclusion that the bricks in the structure to which the emblem clue led me were "too recently made" to have been put there by Bacon! Had Dr. Owen gone there at the start as a result of comparing the Emblem with the structure as described on the Ordnance Maps, he would have camped out there, as I did, for several months until he had thought the problem through, and eventually found the "steps," *by applying the cipher measurement there*. He miscalculated regarding the "bricks," and passed on. It was a fatal mistake for his success in the field work; but I am certain that his success in finding the cipher clues, and *the first place of hiding* near the Castle, entitles him to the major part of the credit in the ultimate success which is certain to eventuate. The answer is therefore: Dr. Owen was on the Right Track. Only one miscalculation, and an omission (in *re* the Emblem) prevented his being as successful in his search for the second, and final hiding place, as he was in regard to the initial place (below the Castle).

An instructor of mine at Harvard College used to say that he had never turned out a first class writer. But he

did train us to visualize any period of English history and literature. It is a great help in such a research to have had such training. But the new (or cipher) data is not taught in that college, and I was thirty-six before I was at all familiar with the cipher data. But, then, revising my former knowledge, and, above all, watching for the "catches," of which "Shake-speare" is so full that Oliver Lector said that only by comparing the cryptic passages therein with the "Pregrogative Instances" of Bacon, the matter-of-fact Baconians and Stratfordians alike make progress in solving the authorship problem by the internal evidence. The field problem, however, is solvable only by studying the cipher clues and by comparing the Bacon pseudonymously published Emblem clues with the topography indicated in the *Arcadia* cipher.

It is not necessary to be a genius to "follow" genius, but it is necessary in the case of one who "put forth authorized errors for the judicious and ingenious reader" to know the "catches" when one sees them! The trained critic, other things being equal, will have better success than a genius in solving a problem, which those without the key will completely miss.

"So am I as the rich, whose blessed key,
Can bring him to *his sweet* up-locked treasure."

As for those who imagine that Dr. Owen was, and other Baconians are, mere "wild goose chasers," let them remember that, "He who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as to idle spectators who live only to amuse themselves looks like insanity."

"So may the outward shows be least themselves; . . . . for eyes his cunning want to grace their act; they see but what they see, know not the heart."

Plate I
Guil Shakspeare
1597

THE ORIGINAL OF THE DROESHOUT PORTRAIT OF SHAKE-SPEARE IN THE FIRST FOLIO OF 1623.

By H.S.

BY the courtesy of Mrs. Cremlyn we are able to present a copy of an engraving of *Shakspeare* dated 1597—a quarter of a century earlier than the much discussed portrait of "Shake-speare" (which was then supposed to be an original) and a dozen years before Droeshout, the ascribed painter, was born.

It will be observed that the complete sketch, outlining

the false-sleeves of the doublet, etc., was ventured forth by a publisher in the year 1794. The "sculptor" (or artist) is shewn to be Mr. T. Trotter, who did the early sketch of the marble monument of Bacon in the Chancel of St. Michael's at Gorhambury.

In the original, the broad square collar appears to convey the suggestion that the true fitting place for Shakspeare's head was the pillory, while the clearly defined line beneath the "left" *cheek* indicates a *mask*, just as in the Folio portrait.

A little *close* observation will also shew the face (not the wooden effigy shewn in the Folio figure) to be eminently aristocratic—the mouth and moustache of a courtier, while the lofty forehead reveals a man of high intelligence and genius. The "left" leer of both eyes (so common a *trait* in Francis Bacon portraits) marks the subject as a dissimulator and diplomat.

It is curious, also, in view of Mr. Royal Dawson's discovery in a letter on another page that this elaborated portrait should have been issued on November 1st, 1794. By simple addition, the date discloses 33! (11+1+1794 =33.)

As though to cap the climax, Mrs. Vernon Bayley originates a powerful suggestion that when Queen Elizabeth forbad Bacon to write plays under his own name, he not only adopted the classic pseudonym "Shake-Speare" (after Pallas Athene), but worked up a masked face of the author from one of the contemporary portraits of the Queen herself! Such audacity in humour would be worthy of Bacon, the jester. The portrait here shewn may be said to give colour to Mrs. Bayley's suggestion.

THE INTERROGATORIES OF FRANCIS BACON.

By M. F. Bayley.

IT has already been pointed out in Baconiana that the late Lord Birkenhead *avoided* History in his *Famous Trials*, by speaking of Francis Bacon's "trial."

"He never had a trial, and the two Interrogatories printed now are from *State Trials*,"—Vol I., p. 375.

They were merely interrogatories taken in his absence,—one before the House of Commons, and one before the House of Lords.

Mr. Parker Woodward, in a learned article in Baconiana, July, 1905, shows that the whole plot against Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban (to give him his real name), was instigated by his old enemy, Sir Edward Coke, in his revenge, for, as he says, he "adroightly diverted" the House of Commons' complaint of many public abuses, into a special attack on the Lord Chancellor, Francis Viscount St. Alban.

The year before (1620) Lady Coke had been struggling to get control of their only daughter, whom Sir Edward Coke was trying to marry against her wish and that of her mother.

Lady Coke appealed to her old friend, Francis Bacon, to help her, and he wrote to King James "I can prevail more with the mother than any man."

To quote Mr. Parker Woodward's able article again:—

"Starting with the complaints on the 15th March by "two suitors that, having respectively paid the Lord "Chancellor £100 and £400 through the hands and on the "advice of their Counsel (eminent Courtiers and Members "of Parliament), judgments were *not* given in their "favour, Bacon soon found, to use the words of Mr. "Spedding, that he had to encounter 'a raging House of "Commons with Coke at their head.' The hue and cry "once raised developed into an indecorous race. Com-"mittee appointed 15th March (Stephens) reported to the

"House the same day. Reported again 17th March. "Accusation drawn up 19th March. Same date Lord "St. Alban wrote asking opportunity to answer. Then "an adjournment for Easter until 19th April. By that "time the personal accusation had grown to twenty-"seven. Bacon saw there was no chance of a fair trial. "To his man, Bushell, he confided, 'I see my approaching " ruin; there is no hope of mercy in a multitude.' To "another servant, who said it was time to look about "him, he replied, 'I do not look about me, but above me.'

. . . . . .

"Being required by the Lords to deal severally and "particularly with the charges against him, he complied "in writing on 25th April. It is noticable how careful he "is twice to put in a general plea of guilty to corruption. "Yet his particular answers to the twenty-seven charges "personal to him only accord with his previous and "subsequent assertions that he had never entered into "a corrupt bargain to prevent justice, that he had always "decided the suits before him upon their merits—and "their merits alone. Bacon was a greater man than his "accusers, greater than his judges. He knew they "intended to convict and overthrow him, right or wrong. "*His only safety lay in making a complete oblation and "submission.* Opposition would have cost him his life—"a life ended before his great plans for the amelioration "of his nation, and human-kind generally, had been "completed."

This scholarly article by Mr. Parker Woodward should be read by all Baconians. Well did Bacon have cause to beware of the "Ides of March," and it is incredible, when one knows of the law's delay, to realise how much was compressed into those few short weeks, and the frantic haste with which the greatest of Englishmen was hurried and harried to his doom.

It is also incredible that no one lifts the veil of obscurity that hides that event, and no one strives to find out the truths that brought a great and wise Lord Chancellor down to the very dust.

The fact that the verdict was more or less quashed,

that the fine was remitted, and his so-called *imprisonment* (detention in the Tower at the Lieutenant's lodgings) was delayed by Bishop Williams, his successor, staying his pardon, is never mentioned.

He was received at Court next year, so that the obliquy that attaches to his name is remarkable.

No malefactor has ever had his name more blasted than the noble Francis Bacon.

It will be seen in the ensuing verbatim report how futile and flimsy were the accusations that destroyed his fair fame.

Proceedings in Parliament against Francis Bacon *Lord* Verulam, *Viscount* St. Albans, *Lord-Chancellor of* England, *upon an Impeachment for* Bribery *and* Corruption *in the Execution of his Office*, March 19, &c., 1620. 18 *and* 19 Jac. I.

PROCEEDINGS in the House of Commons.
Jovis 15° die Martii 1620.

Sir *Robert Phillips* reports from the Committee appointed to enquire into Abuses in the Courts of Justice, *viz.*

I am commanded from the said Committee to render an Account of some Abuses in the Courts of Justice, which have been presented unto us. In that which I shall deliver, are three Parts.

First, The Person against whom it is alledged.

Secondly, The Matter alledged.

Thirdly, The Opinion of the Committee.

1. The Person against whom it is alledged, is no less than the Lord Chancellor,* a Man so endued with all Parts, both of Nature and Art, as that I will say no more of him; being not able to say enough.

2. The Matter alledged, is *Corruption*.

3. The Person by whom this is presented to us, are two, *viz.* *Aubrey* and *Egerton*.

Awbrey's Petition saith, that he having a Cause depending before the Lord Chancellor, and being tir'd by Delays, was advised by some that are near my Lord, to quicken the way by more than ordinary Means, *viz.* by presenting my Lord with one hundred Pounds.

The poor Gentleman, not able by any means to come to his wish'd-for Port, struck Sail at this, and made a shift to get an hundred Pounds from the Usurer; and having got it, went with Sir *George Hastings* and Mr. *Jenkins* to *Gray's-Inn*: and being come to my Lord's House, they took the Money of him, and carry'd it in to my Lord Chancellor, and came out to him again, saying, my Lord, was thankful, and assured him of good Success in his Business.

Sir *George Hastings* acknowledgeth the giving of Advice, and carrying in of the Money to my Lord, and saith he presenteth it to my Lord as from himself, and not from *Awbrey*.

**Francis*, Lord *Verulam*, Viscount *St. Albans*.

This is all confirm'd by divers Letters, but it wrought not the Effect which the Gentleman expected; for notwithstanding this, he was still delay'd.

Egerton sheweth, that he desiring to procure my Lord's Favour, was persuaded by Sir *George Hastings* and Sir *Richard Young*, to present my Lord with a Sum of Money.

Before this Advice, he had given a Present of 52*l*. and odd Shillings in Plate, as a Testimony of his Love; but is doubtful whether before his calling to the Seal, or since: But now by mortgaging his Estate he got up 400*l*. and sends for Sir *George Hastings* and Sir *Richard Young*, desires their Assistance in presenting this Money, and told them how much it was.

They took it and carry'd it to my Lord Chancellor as a Gratuity from the Gentleman; for that my Lord (when he was Attorney) stood by him. My Lord (as they say) started at first, saying it was too much, he would not take it; but at length was persuaded, because it was for Favours past, and took it, and the Gentlemen return'd him Thanks; saying that their Lord Said, that he did not only enrich him, but laid a Tie on him to assist him in all just and lawful Business.

Sir *George Hastings* and Sir *Richard Young* acknowledged the Receiving and Delivery of the Purse; but said they knew not what was in it.

Then a Question was proposed, whether there were any Suit depending during those Offerings, either in the Chancery, or the Star-Chamber; but there was no certain Evidence of it.

Thus you see *Corruption* laid to the Charge of a Judge too, a great Judge; nay, to the Great Keeper of the King's Conscience.

Another Point came in by the by, shewing that some indirect Means are sometimes open (I fear too often) to the Courts of Justice.

It concerns no less a Man than a Divine,(who is now a Bishop*) but then called Dr. *Field*. Mr. *Egerton* and he being acquainted, and Mr. *Egerton's* Mind being troubled with the ill Success of his Business, vented it to the Divine, who (contrary to his Profession) took upon himself to broke for him, in such a manner as was never precedented by any.

He made *Egerton* to acknowledge a Recognizance of 10,000 Marks, with a Defeasance, that if my Lord Chancellor did decree it for him, 6000 Marks was to be distributed among those honourable Persons that did sollicit it for him: But if it did not go as they desired, he promis'd, *in verbo Sacerdotis*, that he would deliver up the Bonds.

This appear'd by Letters from the now Reverend Bishop, but then Practical Doctor.

Mr. *Johnson* (a moral honest Man) perceiving that Mr. *Egerton* finding no Relief, did intend to prefer a Petition against the Lord Chancellor by one Heale's means, took occasion to talk with Mr. *Egerton*; asking him why he would prefer such a scandalous Petition against my Lord; he would have him take the Money out of the Petition, and then his Cause by the Mediation and Conference of some other Judge with my Lord, might be brought to a good End; and for Money, if he had but any, he might be satisfy'd again.

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*Bishop of Llandaff.

Afterwards upon a Petition to the King by Sir *Rowland Egerton*, there was a Reference of this Matter to the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. *Edward Egerton* enter'd into a Bond for ten thousand Marks.

He had treated with one Dr. *Sharp*, that if he would give 1100*l.* he should have his Desire.

We sent for *Sharp*, but he deny'd that he ever contracted with him.

The Desire of the Committee was, to reform that which was amiss; and they thought fit to give as much Expedition as might be, because so great a Man's Honour is soiled with it, and therefore do think meet that farther Inquisition be made this Afternoon, and when the Truth of the Matter is found, then to be sent to the Lords.

Thus I have faithfully related what hath passed, and with as much Duty and Respect, as I might, to my Lord Chancellor; I desire it to be carry'd out of the House with a favourable Construction.

Order'd,

That this Matter be further consider'd by the Committee this Afternoon.

Then the House adjourn'd.

Sabbati 17° die Martii, 1620.

Sir *Robert Phillips* made Report from the Committee of the Abuses in the Courts of Justice, *viz.*,

We met on *Thursday* in the Afternoon; the principal Thing wherein I desir'd to be satisfy'd was, whether at the Time of giving those Gifts to the Lord Chancellor there were any Suit depending before him.

In *Awbrey's* Case it appear'd plainly there was: Something accidentally fell out in this Examination, and that is, a Delaration of Sir *George Hastings*, who hath been struggling with himself betwixt Gratitude and Honesty; but Publick and private Goods meeting, he preferr'd the Publick, and own'd, that he taking pity on *Awbrey's* Suit, did give in a Box of 100*l.* to the Lord Chancellor, in these Terms or the like, *That it was to help* Awbrey *in his Cause*. Notwithstanding, not long after, a very prejudicial and murdering Order was made against *Awbrey* in his Cause: whereupon Sir *George Hastings* moved my Lord Chancellor to rectify this Order. My Lord promised to do it, but did it not.

The Order was put into the Hands of one *Churchil* (one of the Registers in Chancery) by a Servant of the Lord Chancellor's.

There are Letters of *Awbrey's* to the Lord Chancellor touching this Business.

Now for Mr. *Egerton's* Case: As the Matter was of more Weight, so the Sum was of larger Extent, for there was 400*l.* given then, and a Suit then depending in the *Star-Chamber*; about which time Sir *Rowland Egerton* did prefer a Petition to the King for a Reference unto the Lord Chancellor: Whereupon my Lord caused him to enter into a Bond for six thousand Marks to stand to his Award. An Award was afterwards made, which was refused by Mr. *Edward Egerton*; thereupon a Suit by the Lord Chancellor's Direction was commenced against him, and the Bond of six thousand Marks assign'd over to Sir *Rowland Egerton*.

About this time *Edward Egerton* became acquainted with Dr.

Field, and related his Cause unto him; who pitying him, sent him to two worthy Gentlemen, Mr. *Damport* and Sir *John Butler*, (who is now dead;) he makes known his Case to them, and desires them to be a means to put off his Cause from Hearing, because his Witnesses were not here.

Whereupon *Damport* wrote to the Duke of *Buckingham* to have had his Letter to the Lord Chancellor to stop it: But the Duke said he would not write, because the Matter was already decreed, and he would not receive it.

Mr. *Egerton* was drawn into a Bond of 10000 Marks for the Payment of 6000: and Mr. *Damport* being asked what he and Dr. *Field* should have had of this Money, he said, he did not remember what certain Sum; but he said it was more than any Cause could deserve in any Court of Justice.

In *Awbrey's* Case this is to be said,

That Sir *George Hastings* being at *Hackney*, where he dwelt, was sent for by the Lord Chancellor, and accordingly he came to him and found him in Bed, who bid him come near him, and willed the rest to depart the Room; and then said unto him, *Sir* George, *I am sure you love me, and I know that you are not willing that any thing done by you shall reflect any Dishonour upon me. I hear, that one* Awbrey *pretends to petition against me; he is a man that you have some Interest in; you may take him off if you please.*

Sir *George Hastings* afterwards met with *Awbrey*, and asked him whether he intended any such thing, and desired to see it, to shew my Lord Chancellor; which Sir *George* accordingly did, and desir'd my Lord to do the poor Man Justice.

My Lord promised to do it, and bad him bring his Council; and they did, but could have no Remedy, so the Petition went on.

Sir *George Hastings*, some time since, had Conference with my Lord Chancellor; and he told him, *He must lay it upon his Lordship*. If you do, *George*, (said he) *I must deny it upon my Honour*.

Thus you see the Relation of what hath passed. Now for our Proceedings in it; it is a Cause of great Weight, it concerns every Man here: For if the Fountains be muddy, what will the Streams be?

If the great Dispenser of the King's Conscience be corrupt, who can have any Courage to plead before him?

I will present one thing unto you, and then make a Request.

That which I move is, That we present his Business singly to the Lords, and deliver it without Exasperation; 1st. Because there is but one Precedent* for it, in the like Case, for a Chancellor in a Cause of Corruption. 2dly. Because the Party accused is a Peer of the Kingdom, sitting in the higher House, whom we cannot meddle with. 3dly. Because we have no Power to give an Oath.

That which I request is, that those People which have been fetter'd with much Calamity by these Causes, may by Petition to his Majesty, or otherwise, have their Cause Revived and Revised.

Sir *Edward Sackville*. This honourable Lord stands but yet suspected, and I hold not those Gentlemen that have testified against him competent Witnesses.

First, Because they speak to discharge themselves.

**This seems to be the Case of* Cardinal Wolsey. See 3 Co. Inst. 148; 4 Co. Inst. 89.

Secondly, Because if he be guilty, they were those that tempted him.

But yet, if notwithstanding you resolve to send it up to the Lords, let it be presented without any prejudicial Opinion, to be weighed in the Ballance of their Lordships Judgments.

And if they think fit to examine these Witnesses, let them.

Sir *George Hastings*. This adds to my Grief; but this is my Resolution, I had rather perish with a just Sentence here, than escape with a guilty Conscience.

Some moved that Sir *George Hastings* and Sir *Richard Young* should be sequestred from Parliament till the Matter was ended; but there was nothing order'd therein.

Mr. *Nevill*. After some Reluctation within me, I am resolv'd to speak what my Conscience leads me unto.

I speak for the good of my Country, the honour of my King, and advancement of Justice.

Justice is the Fountain, the King the Head thereof, clear as the Waters of *Siloah*, pure as the River of *Damascus*: but there is a derivative Justice brought unto us by Channels, those are often muddy and more bitter than the Waters of *Morah*: Such Waters flow abundantly in Chancery.

I will not touch upon the Person of him that sits in Court, for he is the Dispenser of the King's Conscience; but because some Motions are made against the Testimony of those Gentlemen, I will say this, I think them fit to sit here, because they are neither Delinquents nor Accused.

My Lord means to deny it upon his Honour: But I would not have that serve his Turn, for he himself hath made the Nobility swear in Chancery.

Therefore I would have their Lordships informed what Privileges they have lost.

Next, I would have them note the luxuriant Authority of that Court, and how it is an inextricable Labyrinth, wherein resideth such a Monitor as gormandizeth the Liberty of all Subjects whatsoever.

Mr. *Recorder Finch*. If we shall make but a Presentation of this, we do in a sort accuse him, nay judge him: if the Gentlemen he admitted to give Testimony, before it shall condemn another it must agree with itself.

First, I heard him say, he gave it as a Present from himself: Yet afterwards he saith, he told my Lord Chancellor he had it from *Awbrey*.

Again, *Awbrey* speaks not of any Delivery of Money himself to my Lord Chancellor.

Then again it's urg'd, that a discontented Suitor writ Letters to my Lord: The Letters are rejected, not hearken'd unto; what doth this but free him?

In the other Case, if *Egerton*, out of a Desire to congratulate him at his coming to the Seal, made my Lord a Present for his Kindnesses and Pains in former Businesses, what wrong hath he done if he hath received a Present? And tho' a Suit were depending, yet who keeps a Register in his Heart of all Causes? Nay, wh can, amongst such a Multitude?

And for the six thousand Marks there is no Colour to say that ever he was to have any Part thereof.

For taking away the Privilege of the Nobility in requiring an

Oath, he found the Court possessed of it before he came there; so that we have no sufficient Grounds to accuse so great a Lord upon that Account.

But if we shall present Articles to the Lords, what do we (as I said before) but accuse him?

Sir *Edward Coke*. It is objected, that we have but one single Witness; therefore no sufficient proof.

I answer, That in the 37th of Eliz. in a Complaint against *Soldier-Sellers*, for that having Warrant to take up Soldiers for the Wars, if they press'd a rich Man's Son they would discharge him for Money, there was no more than *singularis testis* in one Matter; but tho' they were single Witnesses in several Matters, yet agreeing in one and the same third Person, it was held sufficient to prove a Work of Darkness.

For in such Works it is a marvel there are any Witnesses.

But some object, that these men are culpable; and therefore no competent Witnesses.

I answer, They came not to accuse, but were interrogated.

If I be interrogated, I had rather speak Truth than respect any Man; and you will make *Bribery* to be unpunish'd, if he that carrieth the *Bribe* shall not be a Witness.

In this, one Witness is sufficient: He that accuseth himself, by accusing another, is more than three Witnesses: and this was wrought out of them.

Order'd,

That the Complaint of *Awbrey* and *Egerton* against the Lord Chancellor and the Bishop for *Corruption*, for the 100*l*. and 400*l*. and the Recognizance, should be drawn up by Sir *Robert Phillips*, Sir *Edward Coke*, Mr. *Noy*, and Sir *Dudley Diggs*; and that the same be related to the Lords without Prejudice or Opinion at a Conference; and that a Message be sent to the Lords for this Purpose on Monday next.

Adjourn'd, &c.

(*To be continued*).

THE ANNUAL DINNER REPORT.

[*With acknowledgements to the "Herts. Advertiser," St Albane.*]

HOW TO MAKE THE BULLDOG DROP THE HAM BONE.

"TICKLE HIM IN THE RIBS."

THE DOWAGER LADY BOYLE presided at the Annual Dinner of the Bacon Society, at the Holborn Restaurant, on the anniversary of Bacon's birth (January 22nd), when about fifty members of the Society and guests attended. Sir Edward Boyle was the guest of honour and principal speaker.

After the toast of "The King," Sir Edward Boyle paid an appreciative tribute to his mother, in the Chair, for bringing him up on Baconian lines of thought. He then gave a most impressive address on Francis Bacon's life and influence through the ages. This was prefaced by a brief reference to the plays, and the mystery that surrounded Verulam—"a touch of purple." Why was Bacon not more honoured in his own country? Francis Bacon was a lawyer, and lawyers were never popular heroes; a Statesman, and Statesmen, as a rule, were not honoured by their fellowmen; a great philosopher, and we never did take much interest in philosophy. In an age when Parliament was feeling its way to power, Bacon was the confidential intermediary between the King and the House of Commons. Such was his foresight that he (the speaker) thought if Bacon had lived thirty years longer, the whole course of history might have been changed. Bacon sympathised with Parliamentary aspirations, and yet was imbued with a curious respect for the Royal prerogative.

Sir Edward Boyle then dealt in the most impressive style with Bacon's influence on the succeeding ages; his responsibility for the Royal Society, first outlined in the "New Atlantis," and established thirty years after his death. Bacon culled the fruits of the Renaissance for the benefit of later ages. With all his idealism, he was intensely practical. "What good is it for the benefit of mankind?" was Bacon's first question, when he definitely secularised philosophy and science, hitherto the jealously-guarded domain of the schoolmen. D'Alembert, Diderot and others, the French School of 1750, who in their turn shaped history, acknowledged their indebtedness to Bacon's utilitarian thought. It permeated the doctrines of Bentham, Mill and Herbert Spencer. Truth, said Bacon, must not be drawn from authority, but from experience. Knowledge must be the servant of mankind, not its master. As an apt illustration of the fallacies Bacon exposed and the biographical methods of the Stratford School, with their "probably," "doubtless" and "it may be supposed," expressions (used to gloss over the remarkable absence of information about the man of Stratford), Sir Edward Boyle then constructed an imaginary life of Falstaff, quoting from the plays, to verify assumptions, in the approved Stratfordian manner. The speaker drew the attention of the Society to the recently published

book on Shakespeare by Sir Edmund Chambers, which he described as a valuable collection of material which should prove of the utmost assistance to members of the Society. Sir Edward believed that there was an enormous amount of material buried in the files of BACONIANA from which a new life of Bacon could be prepared as a supplement to the *Life* by Spedding. This would throw a new light on Bacon's relations with Burleigh, Essex, Elizabeth, James, Coke, Cecil, and Buckingham. The researches of Chambers showed that even less was known of Shakespeare than had been supposed hitherto, and the speaker concluded by paying a tribute to those who in past days had represented the views of the Bacon Society, particularly Dr. Theobald, Sir E. Durning-Lawrence, Mrs. Henry Pott and Sir John Cockburn.

Mr. Wilfrid Gundry, in proposing the toast of "The Bacon Society," referred to the moving tributes paid to Bacon after his death by all his leading contemporaries—Aubrey, Cowley, Camden, Herbert, Ben Jonson and others; and the frequent references to some mystery surrounding him, as in Jonson's ode, on Bacon's sixtieth birthday, "Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou hidst." Rawley (Bacon's chaplain): "If there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him."

Mr. J. W. T. Cremlyn, in replying to the toast, said if there was no prayer for Parliament in the early Litany, perhaps it was because Parliament was past praying for! After a scathing indictment of the Stratfordian hypocrisies, he pointed out what an important bearing the publication of the truth had in these days, "and in the critical and perilous times that are yet to come."

Mr. Henry Seymour, Hon. Secretary to the Bacon Society, proposed the toast of "The Ladies' Guild of Francis St. Alban." He paid an impressive tribute to Mrs. Henry Pott, who had founded the Guild in days when the Society wished to taboo the study of the cipher story. Now this difficulty had disappeared, he pleaded for something in the nature of "a matrimonial alliance" between the two bodies, to save expense for propaganda purposes. Mr. Seymour pointed out an apparent confirmation of the cipher story that had escaped attention—the publication, in William Warner's "England's Albion," in 1612, of a statement that Queen Elizabeth refused to acknowledge her rightful heir as Prince of Wales. The speaker called attention to Mr. J. C. Squire's remarkable article in the "London Mercury," dealing with the recent discovery of MSS. at Gorhambury. The difficulty, said Mr. Seymour, was not with "the man in the street"—he never found anyone nowadays who questioned the Baconian authorship, but the "schoolmen," whom Bacon so prophetically satirised.

In the absence of Miss Alicia Leith, abroad, Mrs. Vernon Bayley suitably replied to the toast.

Mr. Howard Bridgewater, in proposing "The Visitors," said the reluctance of the British public to part with the Stratford myth was like that of a bulldog carrying a ham bone till his jaws ached. There was only one way to make the dog drop the bone, and that was to tickle him in the ribs! Humour was the only way to overcome Stratfordian obstinacy. As Mark Twain, an avowed Baconian, said, the average human being prefers a fetish to an est ablished truth.

Mr. John Miller, in replying, pleaded for more enthusiasm in presenting the Baconian case. He recalled how, at school, his master had glossed over Shakespearean ambiguities by saying, "Oh, well, we need not bother about that."

Mr. L. Biddulph moved the vote of thanks to the Dowager Lady Boyle for presiding, and to Sir Edward Boyle. This was carried with enthusiasm.

A letter of regret for inability to attend was read by the Hon. Sec., as follows:—

"101, Onslow Square, S.W.,
19, 1, 31.

Dear Mr. Seymour,—Lady Sydenham and I much regret that we cannot be with you at the Annual Dinner; but I should like to send a few words of encouragement to the Society.

The past year has given us two books helpful to our cause—Mr. B. G. Theobald's painstaking researches, and Mr. R. Eagle's thoughtful studies. I am sure that the Society will welcome both and that the seeds they sow will bear fruit in season.

So far as I know, the only great Stratfordian discovery has been the portentous fact that, in 1599, John Shakespeare brought an action in the Court of Common Pleas to recover a debt alleged to have been incurred for *wool* in 1568 by John Walford. In Stratfordian circles, this discovery is taken to prove that William Shake-speare's father dealt in this commodity, which is ridiculously irrelevant to the question of the authorship.

Meanwhile, you may have noticed that, on the occasion of a revival of *Twelfth Night*, the *Morning Post* paid a notable tribute to the universal genius of Bacon.

'William Shakespeare,' it declared, 'put together . . . . admirable acting plays, undatable in interest and perfection,—full of tense drama and delicious comedy. He was also an unmatched genius, a tremendous poet, whose lines enrich our language and educate the ear that will condescend to listen; so, whatever they say, and whatever changes come and go in the theatre, Shakespeare will never be left for too long in neglect.'

Now, it seems to me to be inconceivable that the transcendent genius of whom this could be said,—who transformed our language, and, writing for posterity produced work which has lasted more than three centuries, is teaching the world to-day and will last, 'whatever changes may come,'—can continue to be identified with the son of the Stratford wool-dealer, who has not left us a word of his own writing, and had no books in his possession.

I am convinced that nothing but the obscurantism, conscious or unconscious, on the part of the Press, stands between the public and the enlightenment which is the object of the Society. We can, therefore, cherish the certainty that the truth must eventually prevail, and that Bacon will, before long, stand forth as the greatest genius England has ever produced, 'unmatched' by other nations, and the one man to whom the authorship can by any possibility be attributed.

Wishing this success to the efforts of the Society,

I am,
Yours sincerely,
SYDENHAM."

THE ROADS OF REMEMBRANCE MEETING.

A meeting of friendship round the memory of Sir John A. Cockburn (late President of the Bacon Society) took place at the Faculty of Arts, Piccadilly, on Oct. 30th last. Sir Richard Gregory (since created a baronet) presided at the meeting which was fully attended, and after tea had been provided. In his opening remarks Sir Richard said that no fewer than 23 Societies in which the late Sir John Cockburn had interested himself, had subscribed for Remembrance trees in his honour, including the Faculty of Arts, the Selborne Society, the Society for Child Study, and the Bacon Society, which represented the highest in literature. He called upon Mr. Edward Salmon, O.B.E., to open the proceedings.

Mr. Salmon said:—It is a peculiar pleasure and personal privilege to be called on at this impressive assembly to represent the Royal Empire Society and the Masonic bodies which have sprung from its manifold activities. Sir John Cockburn was not only for many years on our governing body but was among those who in the true Masonic metaphor may be described as the pillars of the Royal Colonial Institute and United Empire Lodges and the Mark Masons, the Royal Arch and the Rose Croix Chapters associated with them,—the Society and the Lodges, that is, that embody so many of his cherished ideals, whether of patriotism or of universal brotherhood, and afford the opportunity, which he always seized, of extending hospitality and the hand of fellowship to visitors from overseas. If, as one may well believe, the spirit of Sir John hovers over this gathering, as it must have hovered over the service in St. Anne's, Soho, a few Sundays ago, and will certainly hover over the ceremony at Harrietsham on Saturday, then one may say with confidence that our proceedings will make him among the happiest of the immortals. Those who initiated the idea of these trees of Remembrance devised what he would regard as the most fitting and beautiful of all memorials. An ardent lover of Nature,—for him every tree had its tongue, every flower its message. Was not the *tree* a constant reminder to him as it was to Richard Jeffries and others, that from the days when Alfred the Great gave England her first fleet to the days when the ironclad superseded the wooden walls of this island, the Oak provided the mighty instruments, the Navy and the Mercantile Marine, with which the sailormen and the merchant adventurer laid the foundations of this Britannic Empire? Was not the *tree* a symbol of Empire—the mother-country the stout-hearted stem, the Dominions, Colonies and Dependencies, the glorious branches? Whatever the appeal, one thing is certain. No man ever plucked more freely and fully from the tree of knowledge,—the tree that stands to-day as it stood at the beginning for both Good and Evil. He seized only the good and used it to combat the evil and, so far as in him lay, to alleviate the sorrows of mankind. A great Baconian,—no line in the Master's works probably had more emphatic echo in Sir John's heart than the opening sentence of the Essay "Of Gardens,"—God Almighty first planted a Garden and it is indeed man's purest pleasure. I verily believe if Sir John could have been made the autocrat of Humanity he would, as benevolent despot, have decreed that the whole world be converted into a garden, with no

doubt the British Oak in positions of strategetic strength and beauty—a garden in which all men should be free to pursue their avocations in peaceful, happy and heathful rivalry for the benefit of all. One of the noblest addresses I ever remember was I believe his last when he left a sick room to unveil the banner of United Empire Lodge with its splendid and simple motto, King and Craft. As a freemason he was necessarily an internationalist in the highest and best sense of that term, as a patriot he was profoundly convinced that in the integrity and strength of the British Empire rests the hope of mankind. To keep evergreen the memory of such a man, such a brother, is a duty not to him alone but to the Empire and the World. Ophelia took a sprig of rosemary and handed it to Hamlet for remembrance. I know I shall be speaking for all his friends in the Royal Empire Society, for all who were to call him brother, when I say: May every sprig of every tree in the Avenue at Harrietsham preserve at all seasons for all time, Remembrance of the ideal and the good work of him to whom that avenue is to be dedicated. (Applause.)

Dr. Kimmins was the next speaker, who represented the Child Study Society of whch Sir John Cockburn was also President. He regretted that what he had to say in support of so pleasing a memorial must be cut short, as he was due to the Dinner at the Guildhall and at which the Prince was to be present. Nothing annoyed the Prince, he believed, like lack of punctuality, and that was his excuse in leaving early. He spoke in warm praise of Sir John and of his thoroughness in all he undertook.

Commissioner Lamb (Salvation Army) spoke next, and brought out many reminiscences of Sir John's high moral courage, when in Australia he never failed to greet him as a fellow worker in the task of improving the lot of the downtrodden at a time—half a century since—when the Salvation Army was held in contempt and treated as a noisy rabble. He gave encouragement to any effort to raise the poor even if he did not agree with the means which different movements employed. He could not say that he was strong on the religious side of the movement, but he always said "Keep on," for by elevating the bottom man,—the foundation,—the superstructure would more easily become right. (Applause).

Mr. Wilfred Gundry (Middle Temple) spoke as a representative of the Bacon Society, as follows:—In representing the Bacon Society I should like for a brief moment to pay our tribute to the memory of one who was our President for a long period. Francis Bacon and Sir John Cockburn had much in common: both were statesmen and took a large share in Empire building—Bacon's interest in the founding of Virginia and Newfoundland is not sufficiently known, but it received due acknowledgment at the hands of the Government of the latter Dominion when it issued a postage stamp at its Tercentenary celebration with Bacon's head thereon. Sir John was Prime Minister, at an early age, of South Australia, and afterwards served as Agent-General in London. Bacon was keenly interested in gardens, as his essay "Of Gardens" sufficiently testifies, but apart from this it is not generally known that he conducted horticultural experiments at Gorhambury, his Hertfordshire seat. Sir John's love of gardens and gardening was well known to all his intimate friends. Sir John was also a physician. Bacon says somewhere—"I've been puddering in physic

all my life,'' and his recipe for gout has been preserved. And finally, to conclude this short list of parallels, both were Masons. Bacon's activities in this direction are known to comparatively few, but he appears to have re-organised Masonry in its higher branches and to have been the head of the exoteric branch of the Rosicrucians in England, if not in Europe. Sir John occupied a high position in the Masonic world. We are here to-day to dedicate trees to his memory under the auspices of the Roads of Remembrance Committee. What could be a more fitting or more significant symbol?

There was a Scandinavian legend wherein a tree symbolized the life of man; the buds, births; the leaves, lives; the falling leaves, death; the branches stirred by the wind, the passions of men. Bacon loved trees, he loved his own woods so much that when it was suggested that they should be felled during a time of financial embarrassment he exclaimed: ''I will not be stripped of my feathers!'' Nor had he to go far to gratify his taste beyond his own estate. Hatfield Park, with its oaks, dating from the Conquest, lay only 5 miles away to the East and Ashridge Park about the same distance away in the other direction. The latter park has probably the most beautiful beeches in England within its confines.

A tree is a permanent memorial in so far as any material object can be so. At Crowhurst in Surrey there is a yew tree in the churchyard which is of about the same girth as it was in the time of John Aubrey, who, I think, gives its circumference as 32 or 33 feet, and it is said to be 14 centuries old. So may these living memorials which we dedicate to-day to the memory of Sir John remain a permanent and perdurable monument, being as they are (through their seeds) capable of continued restoration, exempt from the ravages and decays of time. May they abide things of use and beauty long after all here have passed hence and continue to flourish ''when tyrants' crests and monuments of brass are spent.'' (Applause).

Miss R. M. Bloch said:

Nobody who ever met Sir John Alexander Cockburn could ever forget his rare magnetic personality. With his rosy complexion, his long Nordic head, his flowing white locks—he had Cavalier blood in his veins,—his clear eyes which one instinctively associated with Nelson and the sea (and Sir John adored the sea), his tall, commanding figure and the quiet, incisive voice of the born orator, he was an arresting figure. In his beautiful funeral oration at the Memorial Service to Sir John last year, the Rev. Arthur West called Sir John an Elizabethan. That was a very apt and happy phrase. But I would extend it, for he was a great lover of Greece and an Olympian also, who like the eagle, the bird of Zeus, could soar spiritually higher than any other and gaze into the sun without flinching.

His interests, talents and achievements were infinite. He was a fine classical scholar, he spoke half a dozen languages, he could write Hebrew and read archaic French and German. He played the violin, wrote, lectured, rode, swam, danced and was fond of games. He was a great Baconian scholar and learned in mysticism and esoteric Masonry. He was an expert farmer, an inventor, an omniverous reader and a clever book-binder. He had been the youngest Premier of his day, a pupil of Huxley's in chemistry, and

became a wonderful physician after winning the gold medal for medicine at King's College.

I have never met a man on whom all the signs and symbols of greatness were more clearly set. He had the marvellous memory of the great and could recite whole pages, nay, whole chapters of his favourite poets and authors by hear't. Also he had the peculiar gift of being able to sleep in short snatches which one associates with Napoleon and the Divine Sarah. He could sleep at will for three or five minutes and awaken like a giant refreshed.

Among all the achievements which we may ascribe to him and some of which have been enumerated on the present auspicious occasion, I find a number still omitted to which I would now draw your attention. He introduced manual training into schools, for he was a great believer in the close inter-relationship of head and heart and hand. It was one of his favourite sayings that 'one could tell a lie in any capacity, but one could never lie in stone or metal or wood.' He was so fond of craftmanship that he abhorred the wearing of gloves. Another pet aphorism of his was that "A burglar is a great society man for he generally wears gloves at his work!"

It was Sir John who was one of the two first inceptors of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. As far back as 1900 or 1901, he urged the necessity of an Exhibition of Empire products which culminated in the great Exhibition at Wembley so many years later. He was not alone a founder of the Australian Commonwealth; but he was also a recognised leader of Women's Suffrage, and it was due to him that Australia was first to grant women the Vote. Also the Queen Adelaide Museum in the city of Adelaide owed its being to him and hence his interest as the first Chairman of my own Children's Museum was both unbounded and sincere. I know that Her Majesty the Queen several times ransacked Buckingham Palace for relics of Queen Adelaide which Sir John conveyed to the Adelaide Museum by royal command. One of his last devices was the evolution of the British Empire Trade Mark. I know that just prior to his death, Sir John spent many months puzzling out a distinctive and original emblem to re-establish our goods and trade in the markets of the Empire and the world.

It touches me deeply to pay this tribute to the ever-living memory of one whom I regard as my spiritual father. It has been said at a League of Nations meeting that Joan d'Arc was the first maker of a free highway, for she united all the little states of France into one commonweal and kingdom by her valour. Similarly, the full mission of the life of Alexander the Great will never be completely understood till it is realised that long ere the East India Company he was the first to open the gates of the East to intercourse and commerce with the West. He too was a roadmaker. But assuredly, never was a road more nobly planned than the road we inaugurate to-day across the great heart of England in affectionate memory of one of her finest and most devoted sons,—that pioneer, that leader of men, that Empire Builder, Sir John Alexander Cockburn, for he was a rare possessor of that "vision without which the people perish." (Applause).

At the conclusion of her speech, Miss Bloch moved a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was carried with acclamation.

JOHN GERSON, ABBOT OF VERCIE.

In the 12th Century there was one John Gerson, Abbot of Vercie, by whom, the book entitled *De Imitation Christi*, which bears the name of Thomas A-Kempis, was, as it now appears really written. (Taken from *Putnam's Home Cyclopaedia*, New York, 1852).

In this same book there is but one person by the name of Bacon mentioned, though there are a *great* number of people living in the Elizabethan age and before and after, in it. The one Bacon spoken of is Thomas *Bacon*, prebendary of Canterbury, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, author of numerous works against Popery. Could this mean that the name Bacon (which was in Tudor times pronounced *Beacon*) was put in to cover some mystery about *Francis* Bacon? In Fox's Book of Martyrs a list of writers is given and one is spelled *Bacon*. From *The Royal English Bookbinders*," by Cyril Davenport, F.S.A., I find the following on page 52, the *picture* ("Mag. Bacon") being on page 53:

"Anne Boleyn bore, as one of her many devices, a very decorative one of a crowned falcon holding a sceptre, standing on a pedestal, out of which is growing a rose-bush bearing white and red blossoms (fig. 14). This occurs first in an illuminated letter to her patent of the Marquisate of Pembroke . . . . and at her coronation the image of the falcon played a prominent part. The origin is not clear and may be derived from the crest of Ormond—a white falcon—which is placed under the head of the Earl of Wiltshire, Queen Anne's Father, in his tomb."

It was adopted by Queen Elizabeth in 1578 as her own badge, and is on the iron railing on her tomb in Henry VII's chapel as well as on her bookbindings with usually a small acorn spray in each corner. See Justinus' *Tragi Pompeii Historiarum Philppicarum epitoma*, Paris, 1851.

This connects Tudor royalty with Spenser's *Fairy Queen*. See further, the Baroness von Blomberg's book, p. 70, fig. 24, headpiece from 1611 *Fairy Queen*, ascribed to Spenser.

MABEL COMSTOCK.

BACON SOCIETY LECTURES.

On 4th September last, the evening was devoted to a Converzatione of members and visitors. It afforded an opportunity for enquirers to clear up doubtful points, which was embraced by most of the visitors to advantage.

On 2nd October, Mr. Horace Nickson read a paper on *Don Quixote*, which gave rise to an excellent discussion. The paper is reprinted in the present issue.

On 6th November, Miss Alicia A. Leith spoke on "The Drama," with her customary eloquence and convincing evidence of Bacon's active participation in the theatre, both at home and in Germany.

On 4th December, Mr. H. Bridgewater addressed the members on the similarities of thought and expression found in the plays of

Marlowe and Shakespeare. Mr. H. Seymour presided and said that, although the speaker had made out his case that the plays of Marlowe and Shakespeare were by the same hand, he had advanced little to show that the said hand was that of Bacon. He raised the point to note that Mr. Denning had recently discovered a most important piece of evidence in the correspondence of Lady Anne Bacon and her son Anthony, which clearly shewed that the original source of these parallels of thought and expression in the plays of Marlowe and Shakespeare (as well as much in the latter's *Sonnets*) was this Bacon correspondence and sermons to her son. A most interesting discussion ensued.

On January 1st of the present year, a further Converzatione took place, at which general discussions between members and friends took place.

On 5th February, Mr. Henry Seymour will lecture, with the title "Stratfordian Chestnuts, well Roasted," illustrated with lantern slides. The present issue will be forward in the Press before this is given, so cannot be reported.

On 5th March, Mr. L. Biddulph will lecture on "Francis Bacon and the Rosicrucians," which is certain to be interesting as well as informative.

On 2nd April, Mrs. M. F. Vernon Bayley will speak on "Marguerite de Valois," having closely studied the life and activities of this royal personage, with whom it is said that Bacon in his youth, was passionately in love.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of Baconiana.

Dear Sirs,—It would, I think, interest your readers if you could review in your next issue a book recently published, written by Sir E. K. Chambers, styled "William Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems." (Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford.)

In *The Times* of to-day on "Books of the Week," p. 8, there is a notice of this book by the paper's literary critic, who refers to "the old and simple belief that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare."

No one has ever doubted that: the problem so stated is intended to ridicule those who declare that "Shakspere" (of Stratford) did not write "Shakespeare," and to deceive the general public. This was done by Prof. Connes, in his "The Shakespeare Mystery," English Translation, pp. 283, 284, a book written with a hypocritical air of impartiality, after *one* year's study! Sir E.K.C. has devoted 30 years' study to the problem and still believes that the actor was the author! A 'fixed idea' is invincible.

Yours truly,
R. L. Heinig.

NOTES ON BACON'S NUMBER 33.

(B=2; A=1; C=3; O=14; N=13. Total=33.)

Sirs,—The date of the preliminary epistle of "The Shepheardes Calender" is: 10th April, 1579. In those days, from 26th March

to the 25th April would be reckoned as the first month of the new year; so we may write the above date as:—10. 1. 1579; or, 10+1+1+5+7+9=33.

In "The Faerie Queene" the "A Letters of the Authors" is dated 23rd January, 1589; that is, 23. 10. 1589. Then we have (23+10) or (10+1+5+8+9)=33. The date of the entry of this at Stationers' Hall is, 1st Dec., 1589, or, 1+9+1+5+8+9=33.

The dedicatory letter in "Colin Clout's come Home again" is dated 27th Dec., 1591, or 27. 10. 1591; then 27—10+1+5+9+1=33.

"Complaints" was entered at Stationers' Hall on 27th Dec., 1590, whence 29+10+15+9+0=33.

A Sonnet to Gabriell Harvey, extracted from "Foure Letters, and Certaine Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene," et cet., London, 4 to., 1592, ends thus:—

"Your devoted Friend, during life,
Edmund Spencer

Dublin, this xviij of July, 1586."

Then, 1+8+4+1+5+8+6=33. Was Bacon connected with this letter?

A letter from Spenser to Gabriell Harvey, in which "A Sennight's Slumber" and "The Dying Pelican" are mentioned, is dated 5 Oct. 1579; then, —5+7+15+7+9=33.

"Fowre Hymnes" dedicated on 1st Sept., 1596, or 1. 6. 1596, *does not* give 33; did Spenser or Bacon write these?

Bacon, born 22nd Jany., 1560/1, ∴ 22—10+15+6+0=33.

Essex executed, 25th Feby., 1601; 2+5+11+16+0+1=33. (*Note*.—I am not quite sure whether the date is 1600/1, or 1601/2.)

E. Spenser died, 16th Jany., 1599,=1+6+10+15+9+8=33.

C. Marlowe murdered, *perhaps* 30th May, 1593 (he was buried 1st June). Then 30+3—1—5+9—3=33.

R. Greene died 3rd Sept., 1592, or 3. 6. 1592, but does *not* give 33.

"Daphnaïda," dedicatory letter dated 1st Janry., 1591, but this date does *not* give 33, nor is the poem in the Baconian style.

The above are strange coincidences. The dates when Shakespeare's various works were entered at Stationers' Hall, or any dedicatory epistles published with them, might give some more coincidences.

Yours truly,
W. G. Royal-Dawson.

BOOK REVIEWS.

FRANCIS BACON CONCEALED AND REVEALED. By Bertram G. Theobald, B.A. Cecil Palmer, London. 7s. 6d. net.

Those who have read the earlier book by Mr. Theobald, *Shakespeare's Sonnets Unmasked*, and who regard his arithmetical cypher disclosures in support of the Bacon authorship as below or beyond their serious consideration should not fail to read the present book, which devotes a chapter to the objections raised by those who have missed or misunderstood his argument, and sets forth quite clearly the grounds for regarding his demonstrations as reliable. Besides this, a great array of new matter is given, shewing historical evidence that Bacon was confessedly "a *concealed* poet" and some posthumous elegies of him as *the supreme poet* by writers of the highest distinction in letters and men of the great universities. The author points out the peculiar ways in which Bacon secretly signed his dramatic and poetic works and comparing these secret devices with identical ones in Bacon's acknowledged writings. He presents the biographical difficulties in the case of Edmund Spenser as an author, and shews that Raleigh and Harvey (Gabriel) assisted Bacon in the great camouflage. He likewise deals with Marlowe and Shakspeare and shakes the flimsy foundation on which their reputation as poets has been built by tradition alone. He concludes with an answer to the venomous slanders on Bacon's character by men whose littleness bred envy of him simply because he *was* the supreme poet. There are 15 fine illustrations which cannot fail to interest as well as to supplement the author's case.

H.S.

WAR FRANCIS BACON DER ERFINDER DER DAMPFMASCHINE? von Felix H. Bruns. Franzmathes Verlag, Frankfurt a.M. 1930.

This little treatise reminds us that James Watt, according to his own distinct statement, was not the inventor of the steam engine, though he made improvements in it by his discovery of the condensor. And it cannot be established that either Savery or Newcomen really claim the title of inventor. Watt himself said: "The elastic power of steam was known to Hero of Alexandria and to many ancient writers. The Steam Engine was invented by the Marquis of Worcester, Savery and Newcomen." Our author refers to *The Times and Scientific Labours of the Second Marquis of Worcester and Reprint of his "Century of Inventions,"* 1663, by Henry Dirck, Civil Engineer, and gives various reasons for thinking that, as the Marquis was a nephew of Francis Bacon, these two may have collaborated over the problem, and perhaps that Bacon, with his habitual love of secrecy, deliberately allowed his share of the work to remain unknown, leaving his nephew to reap what credit might attach to the results of their joint labours. No positive proofs are yet available, but Herr Bruns makes a number of interesting suggestions bearing either directly or indirectly on the questions involved.

ARCHIVE FOR HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. Publisher Carl Heymann, Berlin W.8. Mauerstrasse 44.

The Archive for the History of Philosophy—"*Archiv für Geschichte der Philosophie*"—founded in 1887 by Ludwig Stein and Hermann Diels, Wilhelm Dilthey, Benno Erdmann and Eduard Zeller (augmented in 1895 by a systematical part) will be continued by *Dr. Arthur Stein, Berne* (Humboldtstrasse 35) member of the University of Berne, son of the founder and director who died not long ago.

The new director wishes to concentrate the work anew on the *history* of the Philosophy, but in an international frame.

Every contribution of value, also foreign ones, may by published in the first part of the books which is to be reserved for the *treatises*.

Regular and detailed *accounts* which will appear yearly, will be telling of the novelties as to the history of Philosophy (books, articles of review, publications from the academies) not only from Germany, but also from foreign countries. Mr. G. Dawes Hicks, Cambridge, for instance, is in charge of the English accounts. Besides, such yearly reports from France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Russia, the Scandinavian countries and Czecho-Slavonia are assured.

From 1931 there will be published 3 volumes of 110 pages each per annum. The extension and the size have been enlarged. The price of the annual subscription is 16 Mark as before.

The following sign as codirectors:—

ERNST CASSIRER, Hamburg.
HERMANN GLOCKNER Heidelberg.
ERNST HOFFMANN, Heidelberg.
ALÉXANDRE KOYRÉ, Paris.
EFRAIM LILJEQUIST, Lund.
HEINRICH RICKERT, Heidelberg.
EDUARD SPRANGER, Berlin.
ADOLF DYROFF, Bonn.
G. DAWES HICKS, Cambridge.
KARL JOEL, Bâle.
WINCENTY LUTOSLAWSKI, Wilno.
ROBERT REININGER, Vienna
CARLO SGANZINI, Berne.
DMITRY TSCHIZEWSKIJ, Frieburg i/Br.

B.G.T.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

According to the *Morning Post* of July 28th last, a MS. letter has been unearthed from Robert Townson, Dean of Westminster and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury (who accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh to the scaffold) to Sir John Isham, of Lamport. Some extracts from the letter, as well as a photo-print of a part, are printed. Undoubtedly such a MS., if proved to be really genuine, is of considerable value as throwing light on Raleigh's mind and movements just prior to his execution, to his reference to the Earl of Essex, denying complicity in his death, and his statement that "my Lord of Essex was fetcht of by a trick."

"Townson's account," says the *Morning Post*, "confirms the belief of that school of historians who regard Raleigh as one of our first and greatest Empire-builders; and it lends support to Macaulay, who stigmatized the years during which Bacon held the Great Seal as 'the darkest and most shameful in English history.'" We do not profess to know what school of historians is referred to above, but we do know that such insinuated venom that follows is inspired by the same regard for truth as that by which the *official* attitude towards Bacon as "Shakespeare" or "Tudor" is actuated. Any historian who knows what he is talking about knows that Bacon and Bacon alone, is firstly entitled to be known as "one first and greatest Empire-builder," for he put our first colony on a secure foundation after Raleigh made a mess of an attempt to do so. We do not censure Raleigh for that, however, as he did his best, and he had not the master-spirit of Bacon. Then as to Macaulay's reproach—why, this rhetorical mountebank has been exposed over and over again by competent critics as utterly unreliable where historical accuracy is concerned. He disagreed with Bacon's political views and consequently hated the man, while obliged to confess that he possessed the finest intellect ever bestowed on any man. If things were as bad as suggested, whilst Bacon had the custody of the Seal, why did King James write the following words, after Bacon's "fall?"

"We do much commiserate the estate of our right trusty and well-beloved the Lord of St. Albans, having served us in so great place and being one whom, howsoever he offended in judicature, yet in matter of counsel and our commission of treasure we found faithful and very careful and diligent, running courses entire and direct for the good of our service."

It is high time that the school of historians referred to by the *Post* went back to their Absey books.

The next Annual Meeting of the Society will be held at Canonbury Tower on Thursday, 5th March, at 6-30 p.m., for the purpose of receiving the Balance Sheet for the past year, and of electing the Officers and Council for the ensuing year.

If any member has a spare copy either of No. 62 or 63, or of both, of the THIRD SERIES of BACONIANA, the Society will be very glad to purchase same, as the few complete sets of the magazine now available for distribution lack these very scarce numbers. Please communicate with the Hon. Sec.

Herr Ludwig Mathy, editor of the German *Baconiana*, is preparing a treatise on Henry VII., to be published in March. He is anxious to procure portraits, photographs or prints of *Henry VII.*

(in which I can oblige him), a picture of his wife, Elizabeth, and a portrait of Arthur, brother of Henry VIII., and first husband of Catharine of Aragon. If any reader can assist in furnishing these last two we would be glad.

The Rev. Basil Bourchier, Rector of St. Anne's, Soho, dedicated the Harrietsham by-pass road at Harrietsham, Kent, on Saturday, 1st November last, and its planting with trees as a Road of Remembrance in honour of our late esteemed President, Sir John A. Cockburn, who, in the later years of his life, resided at Dean's Hill, Harrietsham. The village children gathered to witness the impressive ceremony, in which numerous Baconians and representatives of other important societies with which Sir John was connected, but the children were described as the most important persons present, as the trees were placed in their care,—a worthy appeal.

A delegation of members of the Selborne Society will inspect the Canonbury Tower and adjacent rooms, the Bacon Society's Library and other interesting features, on Saturday afternoon, 7th March next. This society is anxious to hear at first-hand the extent and nature of the Bacon Society's activities and a representative of the latter will receive and welcome the delegation.

Of all the valuable works either written by or compiled by Francis Bacon in Latin, is the "Cryptomenytices" of Gustavus Selenus, issued at Lunaeburg in 1624, the year following the issue of the Shakespeare First Folio. Its obvious object was to reveal to those with understanding that "Shakespeare" was Bacon, the illustrations, emblematic and otherwise, and the examples of his numerous cyphers, as working keys, with their plain application to the Shakespeare plays, making this beyond question. An English translation has been a long-felt want, and it is good news that our friend, Mr. L. Biddulph, who has a first edition in splendid condition, has made a resolution to attempt and if possible to complete the task. It is bound to take a long time, but that's no matter. Unless someone makes a beginning, an end will never come.

From p. 317 of the work, an example is shewn of a double use of the Cypher of Numerical Equivalents. It occurs in Liber-Sextus, Caput XVI., and is lifted from another work on Cyphers of doubtful authorship (Vigenerio).

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	l
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	x
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29

The Vice-Chancellor of the Institute of Historical Research, University of London, has kindly invited the Bacon Society to appoint a representative to attend the third Anglo-American Conference of Historians, to be held in London during the week commencing Monday, 13th July next. The object of the Conference is to give a further opportunity to discuss with their colleagues in the United Kingdom those problems of historical research which are of interest to the English-speaking world.

The Hon. Sec., Mr. H. W. Dickinson, of the Second International Congress of the History of Science and Technology, has asked us to make it known that a Congress will be held in London, June 29th to July 3rd of this year, the headquarters of which will be the Science Museum, South Kensington, S.W.7. The Congress originated with the *Comité International d'Histoire des Sciences* founded at Oslo in 1928. This body meets annually in Paris and organizes, every three years, a Congress in which persons interested in the History of Science and Technology are invited to take part. For the coming Congress, the *Comité* has been fortunate in enlisting the co-operation of its parent body, the *Comité International des Sciences Historiques*, together with that of two other international Societies, the *History of Science Society*, New York, and the *Newcomer Society for the Study of the History of Engineering and Technology*, London. The aim of the Congress is to provide opportunity for intercourse and exchange of thought between all those who are interested in the various departments of Scientific History and Technology. Besides this scientific communication, there will be social gatherings and visits to institutions and excursions to places of historic interest.

The *London Mercury* for January, 1931, contains an exceedingly clever contribution from the pungent pen of Mr. J. C. Squire, its editor, on the Bacon-Shakespeare topic and the excavations at Gorhambury. The "find" of the hidden manuscripts, signed and sealed by Bacon, is suggestive, if it raises the risibilities of its readers. But the understanding reader will know. Another valuable contribution by the same author appeared in the *Observer* of January 11th, being a lengthy review of *William Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems*, in two vols., by E. K. Chambers. The book is published by the Oxford University Press, at 42s. Of course, it does not go all our way, but its impartial treatment will appeal to every reader. Mr. Squires thinks that, apart from its hypothetical hypotheses, it will supersede, as it outclasses, the "Life of the late Sir Sidney Lee," "who never [certainly] lapsed into the picturesque extravagancies of George Brandes, but was [nevertheless] liable to digress into hypothetical pictures of what 'may have been,' or 'was probably,' or 'was doubtless' Shakespeare's background at various stages, and one did, after reading his conjectural fabric, have to remind oneself that virtually nothing at all is known of Shakespeare's outer life, and that we do not even *know* that he was at the Stratford Grammar School".

Dean Inge loves to be continually in the limelight of popular approbation. His superficial opinions of men and things may well qualify him to be a worthy Dean, but as a professor of

Eugenics, he has shewn himself to be a very wild goose. In the November last number of *The Eugenics Review* he takes genetics as his subject and points out the improbability of Henry VIII. being the real, if putative, male parent of Queen Elizabeth (and inferentially that she was devoid of Tudor blood), on no better ground than the physiognomical traits of alleged father and daughter are widely at variance and have nothing in common.

It is almost a platitude that children more commonly resemble one or other of their *grandparents* than their parents, and of this established fact there are plenty of instances. Take, for one, the face of Francis Bacon in the Hilliard portrait as a youth—it very *closely* resembles Queen Elizabeth's portraits in her early years. But another of Bacon's portraits at about one year of age is a miniature facsimile of the fat face and square head of Henry VIII.! Indeed, this opinion must have been common at the period, for baby Bacon was painted in a garb and gesture which leaves no doubt that the "get-up" was deliberately designed and made to illustrate that opinion to all whom it might concern.

The Dean, therefore, should have compared, not the faces and forms of Queen Elizabeth and Henry VIII. (both at advanced ages), but those of Henry VII. and his consort, Elizabeth of York. Then he would have seen, if not purblind, the striking resemblance indicated, but in that case his case would have been quashed. He might as well have set out to impugn the paternity of, say, Mr. W. C., for no better reason than his obese form and face have no correspondence with the family stock and other peculiarities of his putative male parent, Lord Randolph, one-time member for Wood-stock, and the fourth part of the notorious Fourth Party, in the Conservative Parliament of his time.

No, this sort of logic will not do, and the base aspersion cast on Queen Anne Boleyn's honour must be hushed out of hearing. For Francis Bacon, the noble, in his immortal play, *The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn*, with better knowledge of the circumstances of the time, has beautifully vindicated his heroine's innocence of the trumped-up charge of adultery preferred against her by that monster of ferocity and lust, Henry VIII., who married his third wife, Jane, before Anne was cold in her grave by his murderous decree. In the Prologue of this tragedy, the author sadly tells that "every act and scene of this play . . . . is a tender sacrifice, and an incense to her sweet memorie."

It is with the deepest sorrow we have to announce the decease of Lady Cockburn, so soon after the bereavement of her beloved husband, the late Sir John Cockburn. All our readers will, we are sure, join with the Bacon Society in sympathy for those who are now left to mourn their deep loss. Lady Cockburn has for years been an invalid, and was on that account, as she wrote me, quite unable to be present at the ceremony at Harrietsham last November, in celebration of the "Roads of Remembrance" planting of trees in honour of Sir John's memory. How prophetic was the utterance, on that occasion, of the Rev. Basil Bouchier, who said that these trees were placed in the care of the children!

We are indebted in the main for the admirable report of the Annual Dinner, printed on another page, to the courtesy of the *Herts. Advertiser* of St. Albans, which also printed a brilliant leading article in the same issue, 30th January, on the Shakspere sham. The report was made on behalf of the *Advertiser* by Mr. Chas. W. Hopper, the official reporter being unable, on the eve of publishing day, to be present.

The article by Mr. C. J. Hunt on *Hamlet* in the last issue received favourable criticism in advanced journalism, notably, the *New Age*, the *New Leader*, and *Everyman*. We hope to have Mr. Hunt among the lecturers in our next session.

A very fair review of Mr. B. G. Theobald's latest book appeared in *The New Age* of February 5th, but it is a pity that its generally well-tempered criticism is marred by conventional flippancy in regard to Mr. Theobald's conclusions about the significance of *numbers* (as Pythagoras pointed out long ago) in identifying concretes in natural phenomena. For example, Mr. Andrew Bonella, the critic in question, says he has put Mr. Theobald's "counts" to test, and among other coincidences has discovered that, whereas *Marlowe* equals 94 in the reverse code, it also equals *Sitwell* in the simple code. And he further proceeds: "Now, to take the last case, Sitwell, as a name, is as good as Marlowe; the codes do not tell us which is meant. I *want* it to make Sitwell, so as to blow up Mr. Theobald, and Mr. Theobald *wants* it to mean Marlowe, to blow up the Stratfordians: in this kind of work the human element is too strong for the results to be taken as scientific."

It is perfectly true that the number 94 is equally that of *Marlowe* in the reverse count and of *Sitwell* in the simple count. But this is not the point that Mr. Theobald makes. He gives very excellent circumstantial evidence that Marlowe was but a pen-name (or the man as a mask) for Bacon as author. He simply supplements this hypothesis, not by recourse only to the unmistakable literary idiosyncracies of an earlier Bacon in Marlowe's works, but carefully notes that Bacon had some strong reason for concealing his own identity as author by the obviously designed method of revealing himself, by this alleged concealed method of the well-known *Gematria*, in a set of numbers, conspicuously displayed in the works themselves, which *do* equal the numerical equivalents of the letters in Francis Bacon's name. To those sufficiently familiar with the writings of the Ancients, and even with the authors of the Elizabethan age, the practice was quite common, and each member of Elizabeth's Court had his or her distinctive number, and was referred to in State documents by their numbers only.

An interesting bit of Baconian news is that Jarrolds has published at 18s. net *The Lives and Achievements of the Great Chemists*, by Bernard Jaffe, M.A., the winner of the International 7,500 dollar "Francis Bacon Award for the Humanizing of Knowledge."

One of the best well-reasoned and effective pamphlets for Bacon-Shakespeare propaganda is the reprint of a lecture given by Mr.

Horace Nickson to the Birmingham and Stratford-on-Avon Rotary Clubs. It is reprinted from *Rotaria*, October, 1930, and the author will be pleased to forward a copy to those who apply.

In the December (1930) issue of *Blackwood's Magazine*, a Mr. Maycock have this to say: "Lord Bacon was a horrible old rascal, but he wrote very charming essays." One of our members sent a letter of protest against such a calumny, undoubtedly cribbed from that other old rascal, Lord Macauley, who wrote good and bad essays together, but the Editor could not see his way to publish any correspondence on the question. Of course not; and so the matter is "scotched."

The dreadful catastrophe at Napier has shocked the world. We sincerely hope that our ardent associate and co-worker, Mr. Harold Large, and wife have been spared in this great convulsion. They paid a visit to England some time back, but returned to their home, "The Mount," about a year ago, after making many good friends.

We greatly regret to have to report the death of that good old Baconian, Mr. John Suffield, at the ripe old age of 97. He had been celebrating his anniversary birthday and for weeks retained his usual vigour, then a few days' relapse, and, after a short rally, passed away. Mr. Suffield was interesting as a link with the past —amongst others he entertained Ignatius Donnelly. when lecturing in England on The Great Cryptogram, and I think Mr. Parker Woodward, now a master in Baconian lore, owed something, in his youth, to him.

Like our friend, Mr. Dawbarn, he was righteously indignant at the treatment meted out to Mr. Alfred Mudie's book (Mr. Mudie is more than 90 years of age) by the flippant criticism in a paper called the *Literary Guide*, by a "reviewer" named Yearsley, and wrote to Mr. Dawbarn as follows:—"My friend, Horace Nickson, has sent me a copy . . . and I can't resist letting you know that I, a member of the 'Rationalist Press Association' and a reader of the *Literary Guide*, sent back by first post after reading it, a letter to Mr. Yearsley, and a copy to the publisher, C. Watts, and to C. R. Pike, the Secretary, thus:

"Silliness indeed!

Which are the sillier? *You* who credit, or try to credit, the unlettered William Shakspeare with a knowledge of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Italian, French, Spanish and German; a good travelling knowledge of France and Venice, of Florence and Rome; an intimate knowledge of Montaigne, Music, Medicine, and Mathematics: the idiom of Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and three or four English counties, etc., or *we* who believe that *somebody* must have written 'Shakespeare,' and of all the galaxy of talent surrounding Elizabeth's throne, he, Bacon, the great lawyer, was the only likely or possible author?"

In the following issue, the editor replied in the customary vein of the charlatan, "We cannot find room for Bacon controversy in the *Literary Guide*."

As Mr. Dawbarn truly says, "probably the case for Bacon has never been put more succinctly, clearly, and powerfully than in these few lines by Mr. Suffield, then within a few months of being 97 years of age."

In the revolution of ideas and things now moving on apace, we are to have "a new religion," according to Mr. G. K. Chesterton. This forecast was shadowed by him in a public debate which took place in New York lately. The debate in question was between Mr. Clarence Darrow, America's most notable criminal lawyer, and Mr. Chesterton, and the audience numbered more than 3,000 persons. Taking the negative view, Mr. Darrow said that he "never yet knew a man who thoroughly believed in his own religion. . . The very idea of religion is based on crude and uninformed theories of the universe. Millions have freed themselves from it and now laugh at it. Man does not need religion," he concluded, "he merely turns to it, weakly, in moments of stress for consolation."

Replying, Mr. Chesterton said: "I think we shall see two big movements, on the one side towards Roman Catholicism, and on the other, to some *new* religion that may be an amalgamation of other creeds, possibly drawing much of its strength from Spiritualism or Christian Science. . . . Even if religion were all a delusion, it would still be necessary, because man is a creature not complete without it." Which recalls the aphorism of Voltaire—if there were no God, it would be necessary to invent him. And of the declaration by Lacordaire—Spiritualism will be the last resort of Priestcraft.

The B.B.C. is to be commended for its zeal in promoting public education in the matter, not only of dramatic interludes (and in particular the production of the plays of Shakespeare) and musical culture, but especially in the "talks" on every conceivable subject, scientific and otherwise, by speakers of distinction, which are becoming very popular.

The subject of Usury, which Bacon so eloquently expounded and deprecated, but which in his time was so little understood, is coming to the front. The economic *impasse* which exists the world over and which is threatening the collapse of civilization itself, is at last being shewn to have its origin in Usury, or the imposition of an universal and all-pervading tax on Exchange-Credit. The *New Age* has been boldly exposing the evils of the false and vicious monetary systems of the world for years to an audience consisting, mostly, of persons who have been labelled cranks. But the times are changing.

Lord D'Abernon has sounded the alarm. He says: "The gold standard of the world has become unstable, and unless effective measures are soon taken the result will be a world-wide economic and political catastrophe." Sir G. Paish, at a Free Trade Conference at Manchester said much the same. "I say on the highest authority, and challenge anybody to deny it, that we are threatened with the gravest financial crisis the world has ever seen." Sir

George was adviser to the Exchequer and British Treasury from 1914 to 1916, so he ought to know what he is talking about. Mr. Reginald McKenna, one-time Chancellor of the Exchequer and now Chairman of the Midland Bank, joins in the chorus in precisely the same strain. Mr. J. M. Keynes, a reputed economist, realizes the same danger, with the ever-increasing number of unemployed everywhere, but can suggest nothing better than the spending of more money to find work. Why, the whole trouble is that the public cannot get hold of the money to spend. Mr. Oliver Baldwin gets to the gist of the matter when he says, "The Gold-confidence Trick seems to be working, but the bluff will be called sooner than one thinks."

The bluff, however, will not be called without a fight. Hear what Major C. H. Douglas said two years ago at a public dinner:—

"So rapid was the progress made by these ideas (the freeing of social credit from the bankers) between 1919 and 1923, both in this country and abroad, and so constantly did ideas derived from them appear in the pages of the Press, that the interests threatened by them became considerably alarmed, and took what were, on the whole, effective steps to curtail their publicity. In this country the Institute of Bankers allocated £5,000,000 to combat the subversive ideas of ourselves and other misguided people who wished to tinker with the financial system. The large Press Associations were expressly instructed that my own name should not be mentioned in the public Press, and no metropolitan newspaper in this country or the United States was allowed to give publicity either to correspondence or to contributions bearing upon the subject. In spite of this, the Canadian Parliamentary Inquiry at which I was a witness, managed to expose, on the one hand, the ignorance of even leading bankers of the fundamental problems with which they had to deal, and, on the other hand, the lengths to which the financial power was prepared to go to retain control of the situation."

H.S.